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for April 4, 1936

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Travel

"Bridger" of Chasms

Travel Agent Tells You What, Why, When, and Where to Go

Your travel agent should be the bridge across the chasm of questions that arise when you begin to consider what, why, when, and where to go.

—The American Traveler.

Tyros frequently think of the travel agent as a cross between ticket-seller and barker for a sight-seeing bus. Actually, the travel agent is himself an experienced traveler, equipped to give you unbiased information concerning ships, trains, planes, buses, hotels, restaurants, and resorts.

He will sell you tickets for anywhere at prevailing standard rates. He takes his small profit from those who offer the transportation, not from those who buy it.

"Of the million or so Americans who pack up and go places every year, vital statistics show that there are comparatively few who know how much pregoing trouble they can let somebody else shoulder for them," *New Horizons*, the new air-travel magazine, points out.

Detail Experts

"As a matter of fact, the country literally teems with these detail experts which the big transport companies pay to take all the trouble for foreign-travel preparation away from the traveler before he starts. Indeed, in a census just completed by Washington's latest alphabetical machine, there are no less than 1,847 accredited travel agents within these United States!

"At that rate there is not only one, but several, at the end of every telephone in the country. At least two on every main street. They are posted there so that when you decide you want to go some place they can instantly roll out a map of the world, show you all the best places to go, and the best way of getting there, how long to stay, what to eat, drink, buy, and see while you're there, and, then, how to get back home again.

"All you really have to do is to give a travel agent a hint, and he will do the rest—and like it."

Proposes a College

Yet, *The Travel Agent*, trade journal, thinks the service can be improved. To help, it proposes a college for travel agents. This idea evokes the enthusiasm of Prof. J. Russell Doubman, of the University of Pennsylvania, who writes:

"How could any one in your business object to the establishment of such an activity as the travel agents' college? Why have you allowed it to go so long without doing some such thing? . . .

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A Key to New Worlds

English translations of French and Italian books are like hollow shells of meaty nuts. Only the person who knows another language can realize the joys of reading them in the original. Or the thrill of actually understanding the words of German, French or Italian operas. Or the justifiable pride in being able to hold social and business conversations with cultured people of another country—in *their* language. Oftentimes this ability is of vital importance to your personal advancement, as French, Spanish, German or Italian are spoken in all cultured society circles.

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expense and you can be certain of not being handicapped in your dealings with the shop people, waiters, taxicab drivers, etc.

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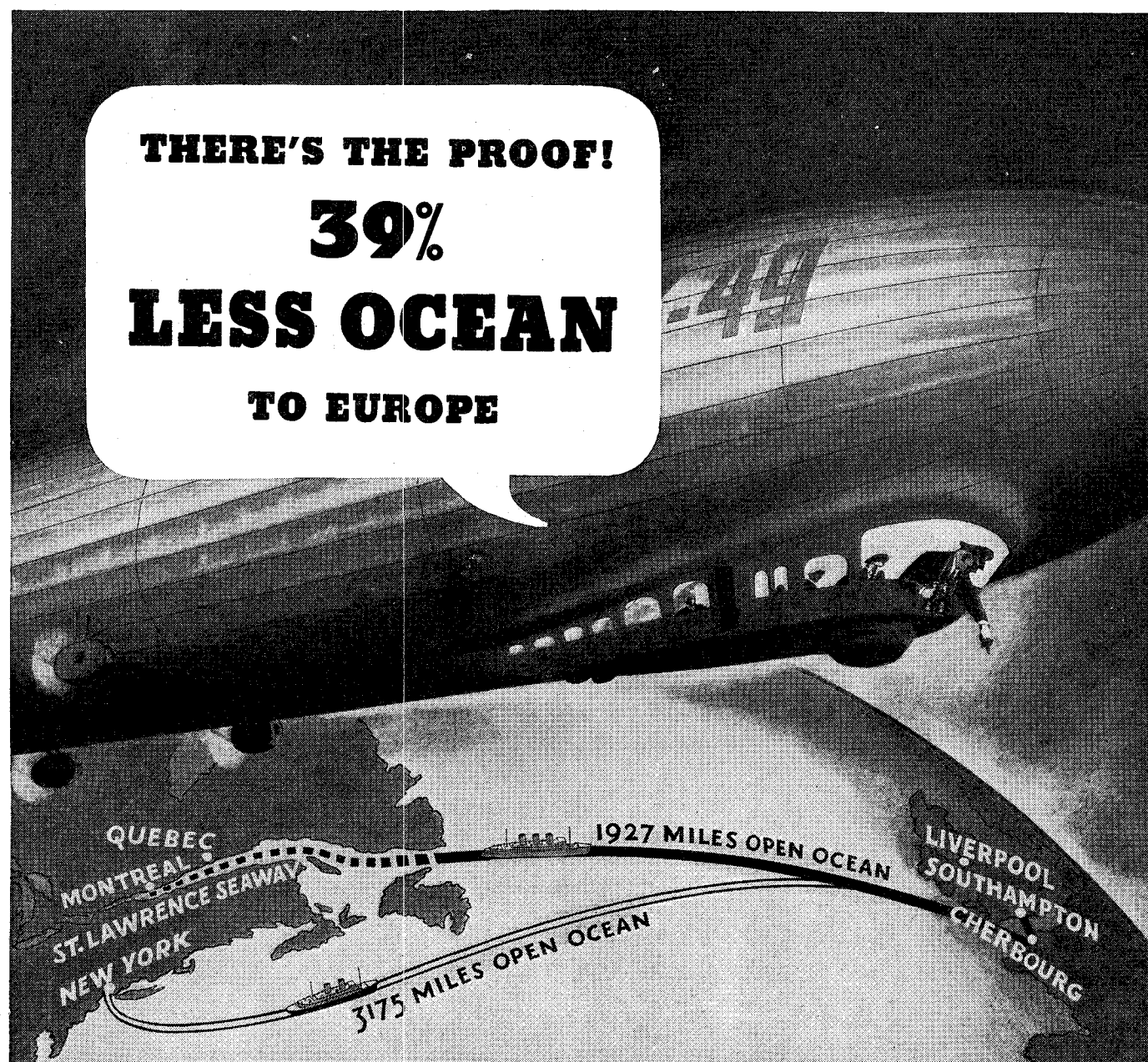
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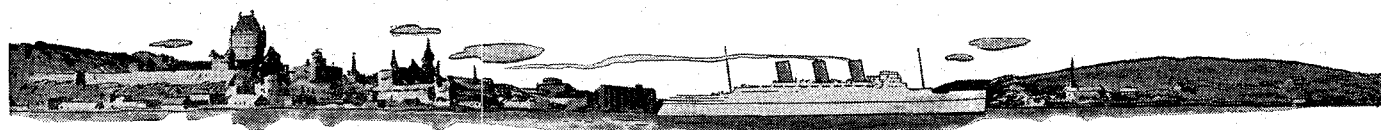
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...VIA ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY



The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Flood-Prevention as National Issue

Areas of Devastation Call for Wide-Spread Planning to Prevent Disasters; Senators Drafting Comprehensive Program

"It was a beautiful thing to look upon, a sea where had been open fields, for on each side of the river the water extended over twenty leagues of land and all of this area was navigated by canoes, and nothing was seen but the tops of the tallest trees."

Harassed Eastern riverside dwellers, sloshing through the muck and trying to set things in order last week, could not share that pleasure voiced by Vega, historian of the De Soto expedition, in contemplating a Mississippi flood in 1543.

The Connecticut Valley learned that it had lost farm soil at the rate of five and a half tons a second. Hartford, insurance capital of the country, discovered that there was virtually no insurance covering losses in its area. "Flood sale" signs went up where merchandise had been soaked. Pittsburgh smiled through its tears as it realized that the call for repair materials had started a sprightly business boom.

In Washington the deluge of the week before loosed new torrents—of commiseration, recrimination, recommendation, specification.

As they swirled around the capital, from all sides came the question: "Now that the damage is done, how can we prevent its repetition?"

Those hunting for the answer turned to science and history—and did not ignore politics.

Science comes closer and closer to the causes of such disasters (see Page 32).

History's Lessons

History provides object lessons.

After the Johnstown flood in 1889, warnings of the "Lesson of the Conemaugh" did some good, but not enough.

Since 1900, when 5,000 lives and \$17,000,000 in property were lost in a rampage on the Gulf of Mexico, Galveston has sat snugly behind a \$2,000,000 sea-wall.

The Miami Conservancy District spent \$25,000,000 to protect nine Ohio communities after the disastrous Dayton flood in 1913.

This year Portsmouth, Ohio, could afford to be smug as it heard the river roar by forty feet overhead behind a \$750,000 wall built in 1908. Twice in three years that wall had saved the city a probable \$1,000,000 loss in a single day.

In Vermont, the Davis and Winooski

bridge dams justified their existence by protecting the surrounding lands.

The Mississippi River Valley felt relatively safe behind levees built from a \$325,000,000 appropriation made after the inundation of 1927.

These are scattered instances. Over all the country, floods pile up an average annual toll of \$35,000,000, with incalculable indirect loss.

Spur to Planning

In the drive to tackle the problem as a whole, the 1936 floods gave renewed impetus to wide-scale national planning.

The New Deal was quick to capitalize on the flood-prevention value of the Tennessee Valley project, the Boulder Dam development, the Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams, the soil conservation service, President Roosevelt's almost-abandoned shelter belt, the Resettlement Administration.

The Public Works Administration saw its stock rise. With its big, costly undertakings, it had been slipping into the shadow while the Works Progress Administration, providing quick jobs in the centers of unemployment, was in the ascendency.

Since 1933 the PWA has spent about half a billion dollars as a "bulwark of defense against raging waters."

Senator George W. Norris insisted that now was the time to start on the Mississippi Valley Authority, modeled after his pet, the TVA.

He winced when Rural Electrification Administrator Morris Cooke protested that even this measure was not the last word, and that the Government was placing too much emphasis on building dams for large bodies of water.

"This country will lose its virile national existence within the next 100 years unless its citizens stop squandering the soil. We are suffering from earth disease which is comparable in effect to the advanced stages of cancer or tuberculosis in a human being," Mr. Cooke warned.

Legislators, looking askance toward the Supreme Court, moved to obtain a flood-control program standing on its own feet, under the Constitution's general welfare clause. In the past such ventures have been linked with national defense and navigation of streams.

Senate to Act

The Senate Commerce Committee prepared to offer a bill this week, calling for the expenditure of \$300,000,000 along little as well as big streams.

"Floods pay no attention to jurisdiction," was the way in which Senator Robert F. Wagner set the key-note of the fight in an article for the North American Newspaper Alliance. "They are no respecters of States' rights. Nor do they consider 'capacity to pay' of the man whose house or factory they invade."

The Chicago *Tribune* sounded the rally-



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In the flood area: two women check out of a hotel in Hartford, Connecticut

ing cry for one camp of the opposition in a hot exchange with Senator Joseph F. Guffey, Pennsylvania Democrat.

Senator Guffey, lining up legislators from the stricken States for action, had accused *The Tribune* of implying that it would serve victims of the flood right "if they were left to drown."

"As a New Dealer," *The Tribune* retorted, Senator Guffey "does not believe in self-reliance and foresight."

"He prefers eleventh-hour rescue by hastily improvised government effort," *The Tribune* continued, scornfully. "It results in needless deaths and suffering, but he prefers it that way because he thinks the rescued will be grateful and will vote accordingly."

Others also were wary of needless speed now that the horse was out of the barn.

In December, 1934, the National Resources Committee reported that, because of the staggering size of any program for comprehensive reservoir control, the Federal Government would have to tackle it. The Committee asked for money and time for a sane and cogent study.

"From 40 to 50 per cent. of the general damage and a greater per cent. of the concentrated damage from floods could be prevented as a part of a comprehensive drainage basin watershed development," Thorndike Saville, Assistant Dean of Engineering at New York University, and a member of the Committee, told *THE LITERARY DIGEST*.

"As a result of the recent floods much hasty legislation and inadequate control projects will be advocated. Great floods are of rare occurrence and there is no need for undue haste in control programs."

Poetic Protest

Some of the sufferers must have asked, with Edna St. Vincent Millay:

The broken dike, the levee washed away,
The good fields flooded, and the cattle drowned,
Estranged and treacherous all the faithful ground
And nothing left but floating disarray
Of tree and home uprooted—was this the day
Man dropped upon his shadow without a sound
And died, having labored well and having found
His burden heavier than a quilt of clay?

"No, it was not the flood," Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis, answers in one of her newspaper columns.

"Short as his memory is, man, after every great catastrophe, builds anew and somewhat better against the wrathful gods. Some day the newly-awakened realization that the earth is not permanent unless one takes care of it will force us to control our floods."

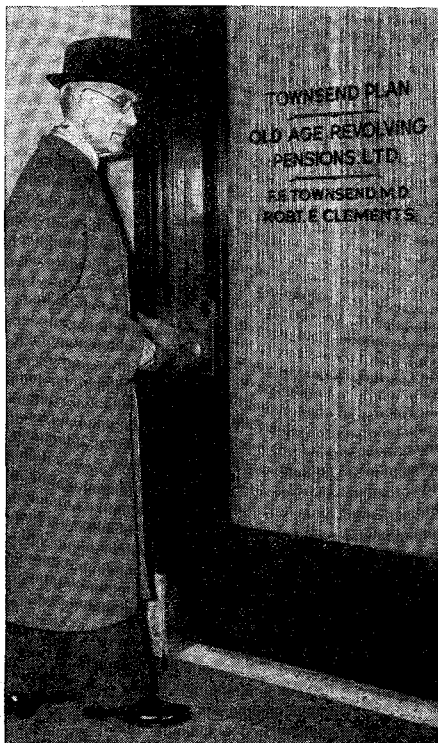
Scientists and engineers, she predicts, will divert and canalize the water, but first:

"The politicians will quarrel on behalf of their clients over the price which land-owners are to be paid for the land which must be sacrificed for their own salvation.

"There will always be pity for those whom floods pursue, and callousness, in the long run, for the victims of misfortunes man makes for himself."

Townsend Plan: Rift and Inquiry

Cofounders Fall Out, House Committee Starts Hearings, Learns of \$350,000 Receipts in Three Months by OARP



Wide World

Dr. Francis E. Townsend no longer sees the lower name on his office-door sign

Two men, Dr. Francis E. Townsend and Robert E. Clements, put their heads together a couple of years ago to promote a scheme to provide plenty of money for everybody.

They saw it mushroom to a membership of millions, develop into a bugaboo for both big political Parties.

Townsend Plan clubs sprang up everywhere, 7,000 of them. An ever-growing stream of quarters and dimes poured in. The idea of giving every one over the age of sixty \$200 a month through funds raised by a 2 per cent. transaction tax appealed to a multitude.

Last week, the two cofounders of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., fell out—the elderly, gentle Doctor Townsend and the youngish, slender Robert Clements, Secretary and Treasurer of OARP (Old Age Revolving Pensions).

Two days after Clements resigned—one reason being his dissatisfaction with Doctor Townsend's "political activity"—a special House Committee began to dig into the records of the Townsend Plan. What was the total of the stream of quarters and dimes? Where had they gone?

Roar of Criticism

That is what the Committee of eight—four Democrats and four Republicans—was determined to find out, despite a roar of criticism.

As the hearing got under way, with Mr. Clements on the stand, one of the first things brought out by Chairman C. Jasper Bell's questioning was an estimate that

receipts of OARP national headquarters for October, November, and December were \$350,000, and that total receipts of the Townsend Plan were \$952,000.

While the revelations of the Committee held public notice, political observers were concerned with a question of even greater moment. They speculated on whether the Townsend-Clements split presaged the collapse of the entire Townsend Plan. If so, they saw the dissipation of the greatest third party threat in years, and the passing of one of the most unusual mass-movements in American history.

If, they asked in effect, the Townsend Plan is a bubble, when will it burst?

"Charge of Terrorism"

To Townsendites, the investigation is "a campaign that can fairly be characterized as terrorism," in the words of the Santa Monica (Calif.) *Evening Outlook*.

Other papers also rebuke Congress, but for another reason. As the Los Angeles *Times* expresses it:

"The chief service to be rendered by the Townsend Plan investigation will be to stiffen the spines of timorous Congressmen who are afraid for political reasons to take the stand against it which their common sense dictates."

As the investigation began in Washington, the attention of observers turned also to the North and to the South, where unusual schemes for promoting the common welfare had been incubated.

To the North, in Alberta, Canada, they saw proponents of Social Credit floundering about, unable to put into effect their plan for paying monthly dividends to every man, woman, and child in the Province.

To the South, in Louisiana, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, follower of the late Senator Huey P. Long and organizer of the Share-Our-Wealth clubs, was carrying on the work which Long began.

Historic Cases

To some editors these plans are simply new manifestations of the age-old public craze to obtain quick wealth.

Outstanding examples of the get-rich-quick schemes of the last century or two include not only legitimate plans but also downright swindles in which a gullible public paid the price. Humbert and Ponzi are conspicuous names in recent years, and history tells of the Tulipomania, the Mississippi Bubble, and the South Sea Bubble.

Humbert Case—Madame Humbert borrowed from a gullible French public an estimated \$12,500,000 on an empty safe, by faking a will and pretending that the safe contained a great fortune which was not to be apportioned until her daughter reached her majority. After twenty years, the fraud was exposed, in 1902.

Ponzi Case—Charles Ponzi was released from prison in 1934 after serving two terms

for mulcting thousands of investors in his international postal reply coupon scheme in 1920. Once a \$16-a-week broker's clerk, in Boston, he conceived a plan which at its height brought him \$250,000 a day. He guaranteed 50 per cent profit in forty-five days, paid as promised, and defied the authorities to show that he was exploiting a fraud.

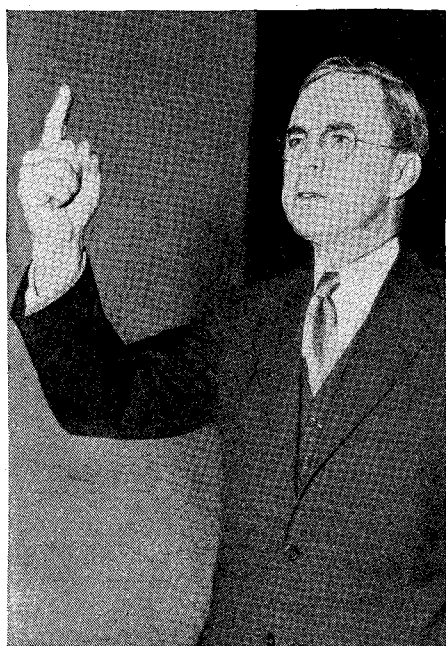
His scheme, which finally was exposed by the *Boston Post*, involved, as the United Press expressed it, "merely the robbing of Peter to pay Paul—a system that worked all right until the supply of gullible Peters ran out."

Tulipomania—This craze swept England in the first half of the seventeenth century when the first tulip bulbs were brought from Vienna. Fabulous prices were paid. A single bulb would have many shareholders. The speculative fever became intense. Finally, the obsession passed, and many who had gambled their savings were ruined.

Mississippi Bubble—This was a scheme projected in France by John Law. In 1717 he organized a company to develop the Mississippi River and the Province of Louisiana. At the zenith of Law's prosperity, writes Charles Mackay in his book, "Extraordinary Delusions and the Madness of Crowds," the people "were approaching the zenith of their infatuation. The highest and the lowest classes were alike filled with a vision of boundless wealth."

"There was not a person of note among the aristocracy, with the exception of the Duke of St. Simon and Marshal Villars, who was not engaged in buying or selling stock. People of every age and sex and condition in life speculated in the rise and the fall of the Mississippi bonds."

South Sea Bubble—The South Sea Company was formed in England in 1711 to exploit the gold and silver mines of Peru and Mexico. This was similar to the Mississippi Bubble, with the British public succumbing to the craze for quick wealth. The bubble burst in 1720.



Acme

He comes from Missouri: Representative Bell, investigator of the Townsend Plan

Coal Control vs. Constitution

If Supreme Court Voids Guffey Act, There May Be Strike Threats, Hunt for Substitute, and State Rights Flare-Up



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Miners, banking on the Guffey Act for better wages, hopefully eye the Supreme Court

Merchants murmured while they watched the Supreme Court eradicate the NRA codes one Monday last May. Farmers fussed when they saw the AAA's crop control sent packing by the Court on a Monday in January.

As the nine Justices filed back to their bench on the last Monday of March they might have heard a mutter from the mines, where workers and operators waited to hear what the Court had to say about the Guffey Coal Conservation Act.

Galloping toward adjournment last fall, Congress passed the Act in a hurry, egged on by miners who wanted better wages, by some of the mine-owners who foresaw higher prices for coal, and by President Roosevelt, who wanted to ward off threatened strikes.

"NRA" for Coal

The Act set up a "little NRA" for the bedeviled soft-coal industry, providing for control of production and labor regulation.

Soon after it became law, producers who balked at paying a 15 per cent. tax upon the sale-price, required by the bill, propelled the Act toward the Supreme Court.

Early last month, when the Supreme Court held hearings on the Act, Attorney Frederick H. Wood attacked the law so vigorously as an invasion of State rights that Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes admonished him to lower his voice.

On the other hand, Assistant Attorney General John Dickinson invoked an ancestor who attended the Constitutional Convention from Delaware, in order to defend Federal power to regulate the industry.

In an uncertain world, nothing seemed more certain to Max Lerner, writing in *The Nation*, liberal weekly, than that the Guffey Coal Act would be declared unconstitutional. He explained:

"This case will bring to judicial attention the attempt to cartelize a chaotic industry

in which the interests of operators, workers, and consumers have been jeopardized by the maddest sort of cut-throat competition.

"The constitutional issues involved are those of the commerce power and the taxing power. There is no need for the Court to rule that the mining of coal, like the selling of chickens [as in the NRA decision], is not an interstate concern, but there is considerable likelihood that it will do so.

"For, if the crucial character of the coal industry in the national economy, and the consequent need for industrial peace in it, gives the industry an interstate character, the same might be held to apply later to steel, oil, rubber, automobiles, and other mining industries. And the Court has, in the past, shown itself extremely sensitive to fears about the ultimate consequences of its decisions—what Professor Powell has termed 'the parade of imaginary horrors.'"

Some Consequences

Immediate consequences, if the Guffey Act shares the ignominy of its big brothers—NRA and AAA—include:

1. Renewal of the threat of a strike by the United Mine Workers of America.
2. An attempt by Congress to find some sort of substitute in the face of a national election.
3. A flare-up in the fight over State rights.

The last situation creates a strange paradox. During the hearings before the Supreme Court, six States stood ready, in this instance, to surrender their sovereign rights.

These States—Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Washington, and New Mexico—appeared as *amicus curiae*. They pleaded that they were unable to handle the soft-coal mix-up, and that only the Federal Government could.

Skeptical commentators noted that the petitions came from States with Democratic Governors, and that they sounded alike. Even so, the spectacle of six States voluntarily offering to waive their rights is new in American legal history.

New Alphabet for New Deal

*All But Tinkham Flee as Lettered Agencies Take Over More Space;
President Names Three to Reorganize Bureaus*

Bald, bewhiskered Representative George H. Tinkham, beleaguered by "bureaucrats," but belligerent still, refused again last week to move from Washington's Hotel Arlington, whence all but him have fled.

Gone are all the other guests; they moved out when Rexford Guy Tugwell's Resettlement Administration workers moved in.

But "they can't resettlement me," declared Mr. Tinkham, Massachusetts Republican, as he clung to the apartment he has occupied since the hotel was built.

Mushrooming New Deal

With New Deal bureaus and commissions mushrooming over Washington, taking so much space in all types of buildings that even apartment-hunters are said to be complaining about the lack of room, Mr. Tinkham's defiance gave point to the Administration's announced plan for governmental reorganization.

It came in the form of a letter from President Roosevelt to Vice President Garner and Speaker Joseph W. Byrns, asking Congressional cooperation through the Byrd Committee, already appointed by the Senate for the same purpose, and a special House committee.

The letter was received in various ways, as "smart politics," as a move to "blanket" the Byrd investigation, and as reflecting the President's belief that many bureaus needed during the emergency soon may be eliminated.

To date, the Government has rented space in 105 private buildings to house New Deal activities. Of these, forty-two were taken over completely.

"Many new agencies," said the President in his letter, "have been created during the emergency, some of which will, with the recovery, be dropped or greatly curtailed, while others, in order to meet the newly realized needs of the nation, will have to be fitted into the permanent organization of the Executive branch."

As his committee of three, the President appointed:

Louis Brownlow, journalist, public administrator, lecturer on political science at the University of Chicago, and national President of the City Managers' Association.

Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, Republican Candidate for Mayor of Chicago in 1911, and a member of the Social Science Research Council and the American Political Science Association.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, a graduate of Oberlin College, Assistant Chief of the Council of National Defense in the World War, expert in governmental research.

Almost a week before the President issued his letter, Senator Harry F. Byrd, Virginia Democrat, had announced that Doctors Brownlow and Gulick would serve with his committee.

Press Comment

"A smart move by the Administration," says *The Arkansas Democrat* (Dem.). "Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt is sincere, but, since the election is in November, and the experts hardly will be able to complete their study within a year, the President naturally will be charged with playing more politics."

The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind.

Dem.), in Senator Byrd's State, notes that the President "took no action until after the Byrd Committee was organized and ready to shoot."

"The establishment of three committees of investigation, instead of one, is cumbersome, and seems ridiculous, on the surface. In the end, it may prove the most effective method."

But an Independent Republican paper, the Indianapolis *Star*, takes the view that "the President's appeal to have House cooperation may serve to dispel the idea that the Senate investigation is not approved by the Executive."

"Effective reorganization of governmental activities," in the opinion of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil* (Ind.), "will not be possible until employment is reduced by healthy increase in productive industry."

Landon: Delegate-Getter

Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas returned to the Capitol at Topeka last week after a ten-day rest.

"How many fish did you catch?" he was asked.

"I ain't sayin'," he replied with a grin.

While he continued to pull in pledges of support as the Republican nominee for President without lifting his hand, there were other things he wasn't "sayin'."

By last week, of the 1,001 delegates who will gather at the Convention in Cleveland in June, about 200 had already been counted for Landon. And still he had not openly filed in any primary, or made any other overt gesture toward the White House.

"If being a candidate means that I consider myself the most fit man for the Presidency and that I am running for the Presidency, then I am not a candidate. If announcing my candidacy means that I am running for the Presidency, then I shall never announce my candidacy."

So Col. Frederick Palmer quotes the favorite son of Kansas in "This Man Landon," a book just published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

Philosophy Outlined

"No one should volunteer for that mighty task and no one should shirk it, if drafted," Governor Landon continued in characteristic manner and mood. "It was not for me to conduct a canvass, but for those who were to make the choice to conduct, with all possible information at their command, a canvass of the qualifications of all men proposed for the task."

This reticence leads other biographers, like Avis D. Carlson, in *Harper's Magazine*, to say of him:

"He is the very incarnation of the political principle which regards the official as an executive commissioned to do what his people want rather than as a leader far in advance of them in his political and social views."

Virtuous as such hesitancy may be, some are impatient with it.

"It is about time," snaps the Washington *Daily News*, "for Mr. Landon to take the public into his confidence."



© Harris & Ewing

Conference: Louis Brownlow, chief investigator, and Senator Harry F. Byrd (right), head of the reorganization committee, discuss plans for improving the Federal set-up

America's Army in Review

Parade Nineteen Years After War Will Display Fighting Strength of Volunteer Force, Ranking as World's Second in Maintenance Cost



U. S. Army Photograph

Three light tanks, "storm children" of a mechanized army

Chugging motor-cycles of the inevitable police-escort: rataplan of drums: blare of bugles: shrill twittering of fifes: overhead, the polytonic drone of multiengine bombers and higher-pitched buzzing of swift pursuit-planes.

Then, brisk cadence of marching infantrymen; clank of saber and spur as the cavalry canter; artillery caissons and field-guns rolling past on oversized "doughnut" tires, and lumbering tanks shambling. These are the Regulars, on parade.

The Army will pass in review before its Commander-in-Chief, in Washington, on April 6, 1936, nineteen years after the United States declared war against the Central Powers.

President Roosevelt will be in the reviewing-stand.

Behind the police-escort, Maj. Gen. Albert J. Bowley, Third Corps Area commander and the Army's handsomest general, tall, broad-shouldered, strappingly built, and dark complexioned, will be sitting erectly on his horse. When he reaches the stand, he will join the President.

Composite Picture

They will see troops with equipment that was new-fangled two decades ago. After the Regulars will come National Guardsmen—engineers and antiaircraft artillery with the latest mobile equipment, sketchily experimental two-score years ago.

Behind the militiamen will be an infantry regiment of the Organized Reserves, staff officers of the Officers' Reserve Corps, college boys from R.O.T.C. units, high-school cadets, youths who have attended summer training-camps, and the War veterans. A mobile ambulance with uniformed nurses will show how women actively aid the men who fight.

That is a composite picture of parades that will be held in other great American

cities, too, and of the dove-tailed organization making up the Army.

Army's Strength

When strength of its component units are totaled, the Army of the United States (not to be confused with the Regular Army) makes an imposing picture, summarized:

	Officers	Men
Regular Army	12,862	147,000 (est.)
National Guard . . .	13,571	172,434
Organized Reserves .	112,590	4,323
Totals	139,023	323,757

Those are the men under arms, but 150,000 high-school and college students, 1,960 West Pointers, and the 30,000 youths who underwent military training in last summer's camps also must be considered as cadets and potential officers.

It takes a thumping annual appropriation to keep this Army going. Tho the United States ranks eighteenth among the world's military forces, it is second in cost—only Russia's requiring a greater outlay. The reason is simple: America's is a volunteer Army, and volunteers can not be paid, like conscripts, a niggling few cents a day.

Not long after this cross-section of the American Army parades past the President, the Army's Brain Trust, the General Staff, will have a big problem on its hands—what to do with the annual appropriation. A joint Congressional committee is expected to compromise on a War Department supply bill by agreeing to expenditure of half a billion dollars, with \$350,000,000 of that going for purely military expenses.

Such a compromise would give the Regular Army the number of enlisted men it has sought for a decade—165,000—and 1,300 more officers.

To-day, if you want to join the Regulars—and win swift promotion—you have to be more than an unmarried man between eighteen and thirty-five, more than five feet

four inches tall, and 128 pounds in weight, of acceptable health, intelligence, and character.

If you just shoulder a rifle, or swing an obsolescent saber, you will get \$21 a month for the next three years that *Uncle Sam* provides you with food, clothing, and shelter.

But, if you want to get ahead in the service, you can learn to be a cook, tailor, chauffeur, or other kind of skilled artisan. Learning these specialties, an enlisted man may boost his pay to \$157.50 a month.

And that's \$7.50 a month more than most captains get.

Ford's Own Crop Program

Henry Ford's phrases often carry a sting. New Dealers winced more than once during his one-man stand against NRA. Now they face an attack on a new front.

"Worse than thievery" is the way he describes the crop-curtailment program of the Roosevelt Administration.

"People are fatheads to let them get away with it," he said in his latest blast last week. Financiers interested in their own profits slash the crops, and thus boost prices to line their own pockets, he added.

"There is only one security, and that is in plenty. The minute you make produce cheap, some one will make new uses for it. If the farmers allow land to lie idle, they'll suffer."

Last week the thin, spry motor magnate made public a plan by which he would put into operation one of his pet theories: the correlation of industry and agriculture.

As long ago as 1932 Mr. Ford boomed this plan in a LITERARY DIGEST advertisement:

"No unemployment insurance can be compared to an alliance between a man and a plot of land. With one foot in industry and another foot in the land, human society is firmly balanced against most economic uncertainties."

Some men would rest after they voiced the theory. Not Mr. Ford. He owns nearly 75,000 acres in Bryan and Chatham Counties, Georgia.

Fort Becomes Farm

Through the twenty-seven plantations that make up his property, flows the Ogeechee River, famed for its shad. The war-torn and weather-beaten ruin of Fort McAllister, a mud and dirt structure that made one of the heroic defenses in the War Between the States, crumbles there.

On this property Mr. Ford will establish what he terms a project to train both black and white youths. He will erect workshops, including a saw-mill, electrical plant, machine-shop, foundry, chemical laboratory, and wood-shop. Sale of articles produced will make the unit self-supporting.

Then comes the agricultural tie-up. Hours in the plants will be short. Every worker will also till the soil.

There is only one restriction on those who would participate in the plan. They must be eager to work. For, says the self-made Mr. Ford:

"If there's anything wrong with the world to-day, it's pure laziness."

Oklahoma City Scorns Beauty

Voters Prefer Riches in Oil, and Wells and Derricks Mushroom Around Capitol Whose Scenery Governor Fought to Preserve

Having to choose between beauty and riches, Oklahoma City went to the ballot-box last week and voted for riches.

Two hours after the polls were closed, new oil-wells were being drilled in sections heretofore closed by city zoning ordinances.

Despite the protests of Gov. Ernest W. Marland, citizens still refused, however, to have the State Capitol grounds defiled. In fact, the City Council had rejected the Governor's petition to put that question to a vote.

When Oklahoma City discovered in 1929 that it was sitting on a billion-dollar oil-pool, derricks sprang up like weeds in spring. Wells were sunk in yards, in playgrounds, on empty lots.

Chart of Zones

There was danger that the business district would be invaded till the city clamped down a chart of oil-zones, outside of which the drilling companies could not operate.

One of these protected zones included the Governor's Mansion and the State Capitol, for which \$250,000 had been allotted for beautification.

Last fall a new vein of oil was discovered only a stone's throw from the State buildings. In an unrestricted area across the street, nine wells sprang up like mushrooms. It was rumored that one well alone produced 15,000 barrels a day.

Oil companies asked that citizens, by vote, extend the drilling zones. March 24 was set for balloting.

Fearing that private wells would drain

all the oil from State land, the Governor petitioned to put this question also to the ballot.

The City faced the State. City officials wanted the Capitol grounds to be a beauty spot, not an eyesore. State officials saw a chance to earn several million dollars for the State if the land were opened for drilling. They promised to use noiseless machinery, to screen the excavations with flowers and hedges.

The City Council flatly refused to consider their petitions.

Five hours after the vote was in, last week, citizens were awakened by blasts. They looked out of their windows to see pipe-lines dragged to the sites of new wells.

All night the new district, some 70 per cent. of which is unoccupied land, was busier than an ant-hill. As fast as building permits were issued, crews of men and mules began digging furiously in the red dirt directly across from the Governor's windows.

Locations Staked

In a single day twenty-seven locations were staked, fourteen derricks contracted for—a record for the seven years of oil activity in the city—and fourteen cellars dug.

By noon there was an acute shortage of drilling and excavation contractors. Men capable of handling explosives were at a premium.

Hall & Briscoe, independent oil operators, announced that a well would be started less than 100 feet from the Capitol. "In fact," said a company representative, smiling proudly, "it will almost be on the Capitol doorstep."

This made Governor Marland see red. He threatened to sue the City Council for \$4,000,000 damages. Like his predecessor, William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, he cried that he would call out the National Guard to "protect the State from drainage under its property."

He did neither. Instead, he paced the floor, waiting impatiently for an opinion from Attorney General Mac. Q. Williamson as to what protection the State can offer leaseholders who might begin drilling on the Capitol grounds in violation of zoning laws.

Oil operators, meanwhile, demanded that all zones be scrapped, and

the whole city thrown open to the drillers. Impatient about further balloting, the K. & L. Oil Company started work in defiance of city laws on a field southwest of the Capitol, and simultaneously filed suit in a Federal Court to enjoin the City from stopping it.

Oklahoma City now anxiously waits the outcome. "Should the suit succeed," said one resident, "nothing will stop the oil men from sweeping clean through the City except a row of dry holes."

"Finders Keepers" Test

"Finders keepers, losers weepers," is the unwritten law of schoolchildren. Last week the Supreme Court of the United States was asked to decide whether or not it is constitutional.

All because of a unique law in Iowa which says that the finder of "goods, money, or bank-notes" is entitled to a 10 per cent. reward for their return.

This "finders keepers" law was enacted in 1839 by the first Iowa Territorial Legislature. It was designed to reward those finding strayed animals and "taking up" water-craft and logs adrift.

One day early in 1932 while he was toiling in his fields near Clinton, Iowa, the Nordic blue eyes of Gus Flood, a Scandinavian farmer, were attracted by the sight of a bulging white pillow-slip peeping out from some underbrush. The pillow-slip contained bundles of bank-notes, \$100,500 in all.

Restored to Bank

With joyous thoughts of a \$10,050 reward, Gus Flood took his find to the police, who informed him it was the full amount bandits had stolen from the City National Bank of Clinton. They returned the bills to the bank. Mr. Flood went around politely and asked for his 10 per cent.

"Nothing doing," said the bank.

"Under the law," Mr. Flood said, stubbornly, "I'm entitled to \$10,050."

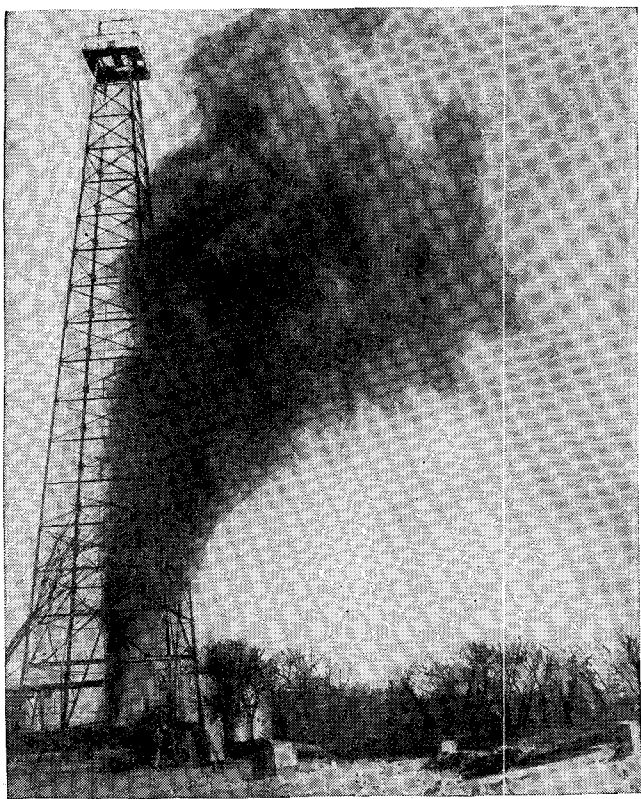
The bank was stubborn, too. The money had not been "lost," the officials contended. It had been stolen. And any such reward as \$10,050 was entirely too high for the services Mr. Flood had rendered. How about, say, \$25?

Mr. Flood's ruddy, wind-blown face grew a trifle redder. He decided to sue, and engaged A. P. Barker, octogenarian veteran of the Iowa bench and bar.

The "finders keepers" law had never had an airing in court before, high or low. Mr. Flood was not worried. Nor was Mr. Barker.

But in the trial court they received a jolt. They lost. They appealed. A new trial was granted. They won. And the Supreme Court of Iowa upheld the decision. Mr. Flood received a verdict for the full amount, plus accrued interest.

As yet he hasn't received the money. Last week the bank filed a brief with the United States Supreme Court. It contended the law violates the national banking laws and the due process clause of the Constitution.



Acme

Officials in Oklahoma's State Capitol may soon see oil gushers "almost on the doorstep"

Topics in Brief

WE have got to get some sort of gadget on the Democratic machine to take the place of the Al Smith bolt.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot*.

ANOTHER trouble with modern civilization is that too many people try to stretch the "cocktail hour" into twenty-four.—*Tampa (Fla.) Tribune*.

AS we get it, this new dental desensitizer is something like a headache powder. It works in every case but yours.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

EVERY time something goes wrong in Europe we are reminded of the foresight of Christopher Columbus. He surely discovered America in the right place.—*Toledo Blade*.

IN Calcutta a merchant offers "fabulous riches" to any one who can put him to sleep. Is there a dark-complexioned gentleman named Joe Louis in the house?—*Troy (N. Y.) Record*.

WITH restless Germany on one side of her and Japan acting upon the other, Soviet Russia may discover something that wasn't included in Stalin's five-year plan.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal*.

MANY lovely things are being said these days about Alf Landon. He balanced the Kansas budget by thrift, diligence, and a gift of two hundred million dollars from his rich Uncle Sam.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker*.

IF the Boston Braves do better as the Bees, maybe Selassie should become the conquering butterfly of Judah.—*Portland Oregonian*.

THE FERA theaters are trying to revive the dead legitimate drama, but all they've accomplished so far is to demonstrate why it died.—*Life*.

HAVE you ever heard a radio announcer say he was going to make an important announcement and then follow it by an important announcement?—*Florida Times-Union*.

"PEOPLE who drink beer and light wines are not given to belligerence," says a Washington student of types. Then who are these strangers who line the Rhine?—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald*.

A LITTLE Washington item explains that the income-tax division of the U. S. Treasury is seeking a new mark, but, of course, all the old ones will have to pay up just the same as ever.—*Boston Herald*.

MR. MORGAN defines a civilized family as one that can afford to hire a maid.

Mussolini, cheered on by Arthur Brisbane, professes to be dedicating himself and his armies to the task of civilizing Ethiopia.

Query: Would the Ethiopians be civilized, and so presumably happy, if each family were provided by Il Duce with a maid? It would cost him less than his present campaign.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

THE grass that started growing in the streets under Hoover has been cut by men hired by Roosevelt.—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

IF Al Smith ever turns the sidewalks of New York over to the Democratic Administration, it will be one brick at a time.—*Georgia Cracker*.

CONFIDENCE seems to be returning, but a lot of it is the kind of confidence that causes one to play a slot machine.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press*.

LONDON researcher says the expenditure per head per week of Britain's population is as follows: Bread, 5 pence; milk, 9 pence; drink, 24 pence; gambling, 28 pence. Wonder what the *Johnny Bulls* do with so much bread and milk?—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

AMERICAN tourists are staying away from the war zone in Europe, much to the regret of the shipping companies. Many will avoid danger by taking their vacations on American highways, where 36,400 non-combatants were killed last year.—*The Houghton Line*.

REPRESENTATIVE BLANTON of Texas offered to fight all the physicians of Washington one at a time.

Representative O'Connor of New York expressed a desire to kick Father Coughlin the length of Pennsylvania avenue.

Representative Marcantonio of New York would like to meet Police Commissioner Valentine in a gymnasium.

The House restaurant had better take raw meat off the bill of fare.—*New York Sun*.



Which to Choose?

—Scott in the Portland Oregonian



The Mad Hatter!

—Talburt in the New York World-Telegram

Hitler Speaks for 67,000,000

Whirlwind Campaign Precedes Reichstag Elections; Result a Foregone Conclusion; Communists Cautiously Show Opposition



Courtesy The New York Times

An X in the circle meant another vote of approval for Hitler; there were no circles for votes of disapproval; ballots left blank were considered void; Hitler won the election

Facing bitter opposition of the League Council meeting at London because he marched troops into the Rhineland, Reichsfuehrer Chancellor Adolf Hitler led a whirlwind campaign for the Reichstag elections, held March 29. In every speech he stressed that his highest purpose was to fight for Germany's equality among the nations.

In order to form a League of Nations, he declared at Koenigsberg, it is necessary to "abolish the fight of nations among themselves and to balance their natural interests."

He added that he had all along been working for this and: "It has used up my energy and strength. I am not getting any younger. Much that was easy for me a few years ago is becoming much more difficult for me now. . . .

"I could have stayed in the League. I could have made our fate easier to bear by making some concessions. I need not have chosen isolation. . . .

Alliance Assailed

"This alliance between France and Soviet Russia is a danger to Europe. Perhaps it will affect another generation and not me, but I could not do otherwise than I have done. . . .

"I must fight a brave fight for Germany, not because I am cantankerous, but because I believe it must be fought. I now expect you, German people, to stand behind me, not because you must support me, but because you must strengthen me for the purpose of self-defense.

"For once a man stands up in Europe who has a whole nation behind him.

"I now offer the hand of friendship to

the other nations for reconciliation and understanding. He who has the courage to reject this hand in which 67,000,000 people are united will have to assume the responsibility before history."

The grand climax of Hitler's campaign was staged at Essen, Germany's biggest munitions center. Shrill sirens from 100,000 loud-speakers throughout the Reich issued the order that Germans must interrupt their work and stand still when Der Fuehrer mounted the rostrum of the Krupp plant. Other features of this extraordinary campaign to whip patriotism to fever-heat were of a less tumultuous character.

Strength and Joy

For instance, Dr. Robert Ley, head of the All-Nazi Compulsory Labor Union known as the Labor Front, announced in the middle of March that five "Strength Through Joy Beaches" would be constructed on the North and Baltic Seas. The mass-bathing pavilion at the water's edge will be two and one half miles long and contain thousands of dressing cabins.

Prices will be held at a minimum, Berlin correspondents wrote. With weekly wages at an average of twenty-five marks for factory employees, it has been pointed out, bargains are essential. Doctor Ley promised Berlin workers an eight-day vacation at one of the mammoth "Strength Through Joy Beaches" for twenty marks, or about \$8. This includes transportation, board, room, and the use of a bathing-suit.

Another characteristic Nazi campaign act was that the German Government, in a semiofficial communiqué, explained in the early days of March that Jews would be barred by the Nuremberg laws from par-

ticipation in the elections. These anti-Semitic laws regard as full Jews those having at least three Jewish grandparents. Also barred were "cross breeds," defined, according to the Associated Press, as persons having two Jewish grandparents, converts to Judaism, and any person married to a Jewish husband or wife.

Warnings Issued

All disfranchised persons were warned to keep away from the polling-places on March 29, even tho their names appeared in the electoral registers.

Communists cautiously showed their opposition during the campaign in Berlin and elsewhere by issuing mimeographed leaflets which were passed about surreptitiously. One such circular read in part:

"Of what importance are non-aggression pacts if, for Chancellor Adolf Hitler, they are only a scrap of paper? . . . No country on earth entertains aggressive designs against Germany. Fascist Germany under Hitler is the instigator of war in Europe. The German people are being driven toward catastrophe."

As the result of Hitler's impassioned campaign appeals for a vote of confidence on his policies 98.79 per cent. of the voting populace balloted "Ja." Thus they placed their stamp of approval on his scuttling of the Versailles and the Locarno Treaties and his remilitarization of the Rhineland. According to the United Press, it was the greatest majority ever obtained in a German election.

Of the total of 44,952,476 votes, 44,409,523 were for Hitler, in peace or war, and only 542,953 were invalid or against the dictator.

This was Nazi Germany's thundering reply to the Locarno Powers, Great Britain, France, and Belgium, which had threatened forceful measures against the Reich after thousands of German soldiers goose-stepped into the Rhineland and gave Europe its greatest war scare in recent months.

Back of Baffling Locarno

Reichsfuehrer Chancellor Adolf Hitler, older, heavier, and more excited than he was twelve months ago, demanded for Germany "peace—plus honor and equal rights for Germany," in the final speeches of his election campaign. Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, known as the most colorfully inventive stage manager Germany has produced since Max Reinhardt left the country, said in a nationwide radio hook-up to "all Germans" in solemn tone: "Adolf Hitler is Germany!"

Long-memored French citizens, listening in, smiled as they recalled the tradition that King Louis XIV once said "L'état c'est moi" ("I am the State").

All Europe during the week gone by was pondering the opinion of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy on the coming of German troops into the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. That

event tore a wide hole through the Locarno Treaty and brought up once more the feverish question of war in Europe. Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy was one of the several European statesmen quoted. "The inevitability of the nation's being called upon to face another war," he said, "must guide all our actions."

Britain's aim through this difficult period, said Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, has been "to seek a peaceful and agreed solution." He added: "I do not view the future with a light heart." France's Foreign Minister, Pierre-Etienne Flandin, declared that "it is not enough to assert one's will for peace, as does Chancellor Hitler. One should also prove it through one's actions." Chancellor Hitler affirmed that Germany did not want war. There can be no real peace, however, "without equality between partners," and he asserted further: "We do not intend to let any one put his feet on our neck."

Churchill's View

When Chancellor Hitler repudiated the Treaty of Locarno and marched his troops into the Rhineland, wrote the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill in the *London Evening Standard* (Ind. Cons.), he precipitated a crisis in which "Hope and Peril" presented themselves vividly at the same moment on the world scene.

In France the *Paris Temps*, semiofficial organ of the Foreign office, remarked:

"Even if the Germans wish to make the contrary believed, it is plain that their maneuver is intended to agitate British opinion and cause it to exercise pressure against the policy of the British Government."

In Russia *Izvestia*, Moscow official organ of the Central Executive Committee, the U.S.S.R., thought that, broadly speaking, "the Powers so far have been unable to oppose Germany, but that they are preparing for negotiations with Germany, and have started a rapprochement between themselves which should be useful in strengthening peace. . . ."



Acme

France is prepared: the Eastern frontier is protected by strong, well-armed blockhouses

Mailed Fist on Mediterranean

Fascist Italy Tells of Air, Land, and Sea Mastery; Key Cities in Ethiopia Bombed in Preparation for New Offensive



Wide World

Italian bombers in Ethiopia receive their instructions from Gen. Giuseppe Valle

At the Aviation and War Offices in Rome, Benito Mussolini, who holds in all eight posts in the Cabinet, marks himself down as Minister. Most of the work there, however, he leaves to two energetic Fascist stalwarts.

Gen. Giuseppe Valle is Under Secretary of Aviation; Gen. Federico Baistrocchi, Under Secretary of War.

Last week both of these myrmidons of Fascism stole Il Duce's thunder.

General Valle rose before the Chamber of Deputies to claim the air mastery of the Mediterranean for Fascist Italy. So powerful had its sky fleet become that he had no hesitation to boast proudly, "No point can escape us."

On the strength of the air force he was impressibly mum. Whatever it was, it had been nearly doubled, he said.

Review of Bombers

The next day he went to the Senate, following a great air derby over the Littoria Air-port, where he reviewed 140 new Savoia bombers. These ships, he said, could fly from Sardinia to Gibraltar (800 miles away) at 240 miles an hour with a cruising radius of 1,242 miles.

Hardly twenty-four hours before, General Baistrocchi had told the same Senators:

"Italy will not let circumstances take her by surprise, but will impose them upon her eventual adversaries."

Such adversaries—if and when—he went on, would go down to certain smash against an Italian Army of 1,250,000 men; raised easily in addition to Ethiopian war levies.

Had Admiral Domenico Cavagnari, Under Secretary of the Navy, cared to offer something, he would have revealed:

In the inlets of the little islands dotting the Red Sea Coast last week tiny speed-boats, bearing two torpedoes each, leaped

out like lynxes in the gloom of night and theoretically destroyed half the vessels of two Italian squadrons holding naval maneuvers.

Over Ethiopia, Italy's grimly-bent bird-men had no predictions to make nor theories to prove. By the tons they rained bombs of death upon a wide area from north to south. Harar and Jijiga, key cities in the South, were virtually wiped out. Scores were killed. In northern valleys mustard gas drenched the hides of Haile Selassie's men.

As was expected, such activity was the harbinger of a new drive, which began soon after in the north, with Italy hoping for a final stand against the Emperor near Dessye.

Encouraged by such good news all around, Il Duce stood his ground at Geneva and let peace take its course, which seemed at best very wobbly.

Spain's Army Eyes Crisis

Political and social revulsions in the wake of the Leftist parliamentary triumph of February 16 still racked republican Spain last week. The Army kept vigil.

Historically-minded Spaniards compared conditions with those of 1923. In that crucial year, Lieut. Gen. Don Miguel Primo de Rivera sprang a dictatorship.

In the Southwestern province of Badajoz, 60,000 squatters last week tried to seize the big estates.

Only on the promise that the State would rush legal divisions of the land under the 1932 laws did they withdraw.

Said the *New York Times*:

"These Spanish agrarians are said to have been responsible for many of the recent outbursts against the Church, including

the burning of many churches. This was not so much an attack upon religion as upon landlordism, since the Church has still a great amount of landed property under its control.

"Some see in this agrarian movement the beginnings of a Fascist Government in Spain. Others even predict that it would lead to the formation of a Spanish Soviet. Neither prophecy seems likely to be fulfilled.

"There is no great industrialized area in Spain, unless it be Catalonia, which could join in setting up a workers' and farmers' Government. Unless the character of Spanish peasants has undergone a sea-change, it is still strongly individualistic. If they get a portion of soil to live on and till, it is hard to conceive of them as embarking upon an uncertain political venture for the whole of Spain."

Duce Woos Hungary

Aside from Germany, no country hankers more ardently after revision of World War treaties than Hungary.

Nestling in the Danube River Valley, she reluctantly yielded "gobs" of rich territory in 1919 to Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Thereafter for nearly fifteen years she was a distraught orphan State ruled by Regent Horthy, the large, florid Admiral who has no ships and no seas.

Two years ago Horthy, who insists upon appearing, even in private, in full Admiral's uniform, joined Austria, sister orphan State, in an economic and political agreement with Fascist Italy.

Ardent Suitor

Il Duce, anxious to build up a strong Central European bloc to balance French influence, soon found he had, in Chancellor Hitler, an ardent suitor for Hungary's hand. With common interests in trade and treaty revision, Germany and Hungary struck up a friendship which caused him no end of fretting.

The second anniversary, a fortnight ago, of the Italo-Austro-Hungarian accords provided Mussolini with a fitting opportunity to get Hungary and Austria around a table in Rome. Ostensibly, the purpose was to broaden the 1934 protocols. Actually, it was to tempt Hungary from Germany and get Czechoslovakia into the bloc.

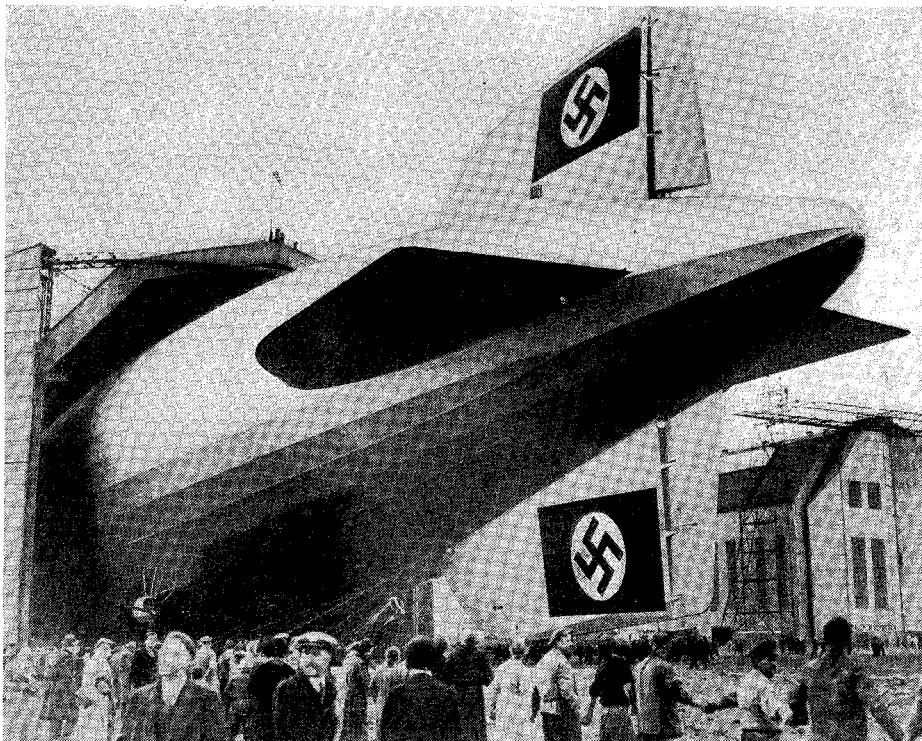
Il Duce, however, ran into one stone wall—Hungary could not stomach the idea of political understanding with Czechoslovakia, which she accuses of ill-treating her Hungarian minority.

The chief result last week of the Rome negotiations, therefore, apart from three new protocols affirming those of 1934, was Il Duce's success in temporarily wooing Hungary away from Germany's orbit of influence. Such a move, Europe believes, could not have been accomplished without the usual diplomatic *quid pro quo*.

What Mussolini gave Hungary, observers felt, were tempting economic compensations. And to seal the general bargain, he is reported to have given Austria military concessions.

Transatlantic "Flying Cigar"

Doubters at Turn of Century Thought Count Zeppelin's Idea "Idiotic"; Now, One Scoffer Will Command Ocean-Going Hindenburg



© International

Germany's newest Zeppelin, Hindenburg, leaving its hangar, ready for the first test flight over Lake Constance, Switzerland

Gretchen and Hans will rush from their home in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, the morning of May 6, and wave at the sky.

High above their heads the *Hindenburg*, a huge, cigar-shaped, luxurious air-liner, will circle, her Diesels drumming. Aboard will be fifty passengers, whose minds will be gripped with the expectation of crossing the Atlantic in less than three days. For that privilege they will pay \$500 on the first trip, \$400 thereafter (one way).

Extras to Scream

In New York City, news-tickers will pound out the news, and extras will scream: "Huge German Zeppelin Starts Regular Service to United States."

If all goes well, the city of sky-scrapers will cheer that same vast shape just two and one-half days later, as she cruises along at eighty-five miles an hour.

The ship is the 129th Zeppelin built in Germany since that exciting day of July 2, 1900, when the late Count von Zeppelin, a retired general, steered a clumsy-looking craft out of a floating hangar at Friedrichshafen.

Doubters Fooled

While everyone doubted, he pointed her over Lake Constance. She moved—at eight miles an hour!

America thrilled in 1928, and, again, in 1929, at visits of a later craft, the *Graf Zeppelin*, about half the size of the new ship. Then the New York *World* complained of passengers being "cooped up like hens, eating mostly canned foods, being unable to smoke or bathe, or even to open a window."

To provide perfect comfort, the new air-liner will feature cabins with electric light and heating, and hot and cold running water, spacious smoking-room and bar, promenade deck, and a reading- and writing-room with outside light.

The commander of the luxury-ship will be the same man who piloted the *Graf Zeppelin* to these shores, Dr. Hugo Eckener.

Doctor Eckener, the son of a tobacconist in Flensburg, showed no interest in aviation in early life.

School-mates remember, however, that he always had a sixth sense for predicting weather-changes as he strolled along with his hands in his pockets, and his nose in the air.

Conceals Humor

In appearance, he suggests the typical German comedian, with a touch of *Mephistopheles*. His sense of humor, if he has one, is carefully concealed, and his smile is bleak.

Yet, he is affable enough, and made many friends when he was in this country.

After a university career he married the daughter of the proprietor of a newspaper, and became a small-town journalist. When he heard about Count von Zeppelin's "idiotic" dirigible plans, he launched a newspaper attack against him.

The Count decided the only way to stop the young writer was to meet him and win him over.

This he did, with such success that, to this day, Doctor Eckener remains the most ardent and practical exponent of the Count's ideas.

Mexican Churches Win

*Cardenas, After Five Years, Halts
Repression of Catholics*

Catholics throughout Mexico rejoiced prayerfully on March 26. On that day, it was announced that President Lázaro Cárdenas had decided to allow the reopening of the many hundreds of churches which had been locked early in 1935 at the height of an anti-Catholic campaign sponsored by the then Secretary of Agriculture Tomas Garrido Canabál.

Garrido was forced to flee from Mexico last July, but, as an Associated Press correspondent in Mexico City recalled, only after his campaign against the Catholics had resulted in at least thirty deaths.

Of Mexico's 18,000,000 inhabitants, more than 16,000,000 are Catholics. Especially happy at the new turn of events were those in Vera Cruz and Tabasco. In the former State churches had been closed for five years and in Tabasco, formerly the stronghold of Garrido, for more than ten.

Churches will remain the property of the nation, but will be managed by "Committees of Neighbors." Churches taken over for use as schools, libraries, government offices, and the like will not, however, be affected by the order.

It is known, said the Associated Press, that, "one of the Government's motives in deciding to permit the reopening of churches was to remove Catholic opposition to the official Socialistic education program, and it was hoped that Catholics willingly would send their children to government schools. Several Catholic spokesmen have called the Government's order 'nothing but a political maneuver.'"

Other church officials, however, expressed satisfaction over the announcement.

Protestants' Stand

When the Mexican Government, remarked the *Houston Post*, undertook to crush religion in Mexico, many Protestants were rather indifferent because they assumed that the war was against the Catholic Church alone and none of their affair. Among some Protestants, "prejudice against the Catholic Church deadened their sensibility of what was happening in Mexico." This newspaper added:

"Repeatedly, and in spite of objections from some of its well meaning readers, *The Post* has said that the fight on the Catholic Church in Mexico is primarily a fight on all religion, and that the ultimate purpose of the dominant political forces in that country is to eliminate the religious element entirely from the life of the Mexican people."

Referring to President Roosevelt's recent radio address on religious toleration, the *Troy (N. Y.) Record* cited his statement:

"Religion in wide areas of the earth is being confronted with irreligion; our faiths are being challenged. It is because of that threat that you and I must reach across the lines between our creeds, clasp hands, and make common cause."

Shadow of Gunman Over Erin

*Admiral Hunted Down and Slain in Home in New Irish Republican
Drive to Keep Island's Sons Out of British Army*



Acme

Ireland still remembers scenes like this, when Free State troops searched suspects in the danger-zone during the civil war of 1922

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,

Rudyard Kipling thus paid tribute to the fighting Irishmen who went out for Victoria, victory, and an empire.

To-day, perfervid republicans of the Irish Free State would have no fighting Irishmen serving King Edward VIII.

Trying to keep Irishmen out of British fighting services is not new to zealous Irish republicans. Sinn Feiners in 1908 proclaimed their "withdrawal of all voluntary support to the British armed forces," and urged all brethren to use every legitimate means to keep their young compatriots from joining the British Army, Navy or Police forces.

Yet, within a decade, Ireland raised 134,202 recruits for the World War. Battle-honors, hardily won from Flanders to Gallipoli, plastered Irish regimental standards.

Martial Glories

Stroll into Christ Church Cathedral, at Dublin, and you will see a fine Norman transept. Not far off, in the nave, rests the stone effigy of a mailed Crusader, Richard de Clare, Second Earl of Pembroke, known to Irishmen as "Strongbow." He held Dublin for Henry II from 1170 to his death in 1176. He founded the Irish Problem.

It is 760 years from his death to that of Vice-Adm. Henry Boyle Townshend Somerville, R.N. (retired), of Point House, Castle Townshend, County Cork, Irish Free State. In retirement since August, 1919, after a distinguished career, he whiled away his time doing odd jobs for the British Admiralty and dabbling in archeology.

When jobless Irish neighbors came to him, hoping to join the British Army or Navy, the seventy-two-year-old Admiral was willing to write the required letter of recommendation for them.

At 9:30 P.M., on March 23, the Admiral's Australian-born wife heard footsteps in the pathway leading to their lonely house. The Admiral, taking a lamp, and saying it probably was some young men hoping to join up who didn't want their Sinn Fein friends to see them, went to the door. Mrs. Somerville continues:

"I heard a man's voice asking: 'Is it you, Mr. Somerville?'"

"My husband replied: 'I am Admiral Somerville.'"

"Next, there were shots fired in close succession, and there was the crash of falling glass." Taking a lamp, the Admiral's wife rushed into the hall. A gust of wind blew out the lamp. "I called my husband," she told detectives, "but got no reply, then I found him on the floor. I heard the retreating steps of a man, or, perhaps, two men." Then she fainted.

One card beside the Admiral's body read: "Recruiter for the British; this is a warning." Another bragged: "A British agent who has sent fifty-two boys to the British Army within the last few months; he will send no more."

Dublin Warning

At Dublin, a Free State Government spokesman warned: "We thought the days of political shootings were past in this country. The Government will not tolerate the use of a gun; the gunman must be taught that lesson."

The Irish Times (Cons.) cabled THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"If some bitter enemy of our people had been seeking to do them harm, he could not have chosen a more effective method than to murder Admiral Somerville."

The Irish Republican Army's "grapevine telegraph" covered the Free State with a curt: "This is a warning to all British recruiting agents."

Devil's Island and Its Horrors

How Convicts Cheat, Lie, Steal, and Stab to Live Described in Two Books; 24,000 Die Building Fifteen Miles of Road

Five men in an open rowboat were towed out into the Caribbean Sea last week and cut adrift by the Government of Trinidad, which refused them sanctuary.

If they reach Haiti, 1,000 miles away, and are permitted to land, they will be among the few convicts from Devil's Island, gruesome penal colony in French Guiana, to escape alive.

Generally, those who flee the horrors of the "Dry Guillotine," as the prison camp is called, drown in shark-infested waters, or perish in the jungle of the mainland. Nearly every prisoner, at one time or another, plans an escape. But only the most valiant and indestructible succeed.

What life in the tropical hell of Devil's Island means is depicted by two powerful new books: "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," a novel by Richard Sale; and "Hell Beyond the Seas," a convict's own experiences, retold by Aage Krarup-Nielsen, a Copenhagen scholar.

Morass of Misery

Devil's Island, as the latter book points out, is only a small portion of the penal colony. Tho the healthiest and most desirable speck in this morass of misery, it is best known because its first prisoner was Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, of the sensational Dreyfus treason case that rocked France forty years ago.

More dismal, and much more populated, is the prison village at St. Laurent, on the South American mainland. Here, in bleak barracks, with irons welded on their ankles,

the prey of disease, vice, and vermin, several thousand men drag out an anguished existence.

Few ever see their homes again. Starved and broken, they end up "under the bamboos," as they call the cemetery. Those pardoned or freed must pass one year in Guiana for every year in prison, before they may return to France. Unable to earn a living in these jungle villages, those who survive the camp are apt to succumb in "freedom."

Relentless Labor

In prison the convicts cheat, lie, steal, graft, and stab one another with home-made knives. Fed on a gruel of beans and rice, tortured by swarms of mosquitoes, they quickly wilt under a régime of relentless labor. Most fearful of all tasks is "Route Zero," a highway to be hacked through 155 miles of untrod jungle.

"Work on this road," writes Mr. Krarup-Nielsen, "has been going on for over fifty years, and so far only the first fifteen miles have been completed. Twenty-four thousand convicts have died during the work—roughly a human life for each yard. Convoy after convoy of prisoners have dragged themselves to death along this road.

"Worn out by starvation and toil, drained of blood by mosquitoes and intestinal worms, they have collapsed at last, and been buried under a number plate. The starving may beg for food, the sick for medicine, but in Guiana food and quinine are more costly than human lives."

Mr. Krarup-Nielsen's convict, a deserter from the Foreign Legion, charges that the "whole system" in the penal colony was "riddled with corruption and thieving. A prisoner who does not know how to steal, is obliged to learn it for sheer self-preservation."

Officials, he reports, "stole shamelessly from the frugal rations allowed the prisoners. They kept the bare necessities of life from us poor wretches who were defenseless and helpless."

Exposure articles by a prominent French journalist have since rectified some abuses—among other things, work on "Route Zero" has been discontinued—but, according to the author, most of the major indignities are still practised on Devil's Island prisoners.

The most painful, tho not the most prolonged of these, is described in the following brutal paragraphs:

"I struggled, but at last they had me down on my back. My legs were put on the anvil, and

two red-hot bands of iron were closed around them just above the ankle and welded together. . . .

"I could hear the red-hot iron sizzling, and smelled the odor of my own burning flesh. The moments which passed before they poured cold water over it seemed an eternity. . . . [The blacksmith] said with a scornful chuckle: 'These will last until you lie under the bamboos.'"

Belgium: Balance Wheel

In the Belgian Congo natives say: "When the elephants fight it is the grass that suffers."

Tiny Belgium, which crowds 8,000,000 people in an area less than that of Maryland, has been for centuries the "grass" of warring elephantine neighbors.

Trod upon last in 1914-'18, she mobilized 267,000 men, and lost in all 100,000 dead, wounded, and captured. Much of her 11,752 square miles was despoiled; almost all was under the hobnails of the invaders.

A fortnight ago Chancellor Hitler's *coup de force* on the Rhine made Belgium again a potential battle-ground for Germany and France. Moreover, Belgium unexpectedly held the balance between France and England in dealing with Hitler.

To solve this crisis last week Belgians leaned heavily upon Dr. Paul van Zeeland, quiet, scholarly, forty-two-year-old banker.

Realistic Statesman

As Premier and Foreign Minister, Van Zeeland, quite by accident, has become the acknowledged spokesman of his country in the most dangerous crisis since 1914. Thoroughly realistic, he belongs to that younger school of European statecraft which sees the replacement of the shattered Versailles Treaty by a new organization of the Powers as the only way to lasting peace.

With most Belgians, he shares the view that France, their old ally, has made many bad mistakes in handling Germany. Rather than be a kite-tail to French policy, he prefers to see Belgium as the door to war or peace, and as such ready to make any decent compromise with the former enemy to keep out of trouble.

Belgium had long expected the German march into the Rhineland zone. Immediate anxiety was soon eased when Britain gave Brussels assurance of help in case of an unprovoked attack.

Nevertheless, circumstances make Belgium's position difficult, as Anne O'Hare McCormick, New York Times correspondent, last week cabled from Brussels:

"In seeing and trying to reconcile both sides, Mr. Van Zeeland perfectly expresses his country's attitude. He is not optimistic of a near or easy reconciliation of incompatible claims. He is confident, however, that a new peace system has an even chance to win the race with War."

Meanwhile Van Zeeland has placed half of the regular Belgian Army of 63,000 on the frontier. Railway bridges have been mined and all along the Ardennes and the River Vesdre the snouts of guns stick out from secret cupolas.



Keystone

En route: French convicts leaving St. Martin de Ré, on their way to Devil's Island

Alarms of War in Netherlands

Queen Calls Upon Nation's Strong Man to Devise Safeguards Against Overrunning of Frontiers in Reputed German Strategy

Dr. Hendrik Colijn, Prime Minister and "strong man" of the Netherlands, is, to his plump, blue-eyed sovereign, the elderly Wilhelmina, what the great Disraeli was to Queen Victoria of England.

Suave and shrewd, he guides her constitutionally limited yet motherly hand with a tact and charm which other statesmen study. A wise Queen, she knows he knows how to manage her.

Of a Calvinist peasant family, Colijn went to Dutch East India as a boy and rapidly rose in the Army ranks to become an able leader and administrator.

At home, in 1911, he organized the vast defensive system which enabled Wilhelmina to maintain 450,000 men on her frontiers during the entire World War.

Last week, with another conflict threatening, Colijn, now sixty-six, with bristling white, cropped hair and stubby features and a habit of smoking innumerable cigars, was called upon by his Queen to defend the land.

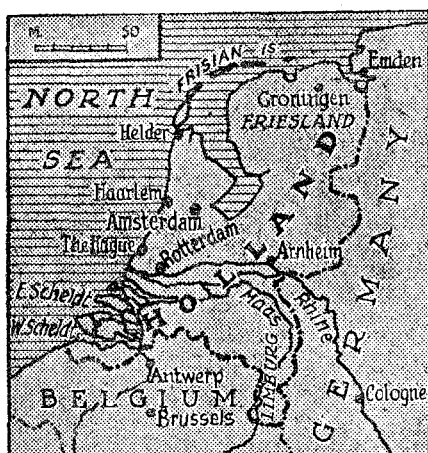
The Netherlands, with an area equal to Connecticut and New Jersey combined, have about 7,700,000 inhabitants. The most phlegmatic and pacifist of Europeans, they have kept neutral for 100 years. Their home Army is equal to a couple of French divisions—20,000 men.

German Strategy

Under the famous "Schlieffen Plan," the German armies in 1914 were scheduled to invade France by a limited advance into the Netherlands. At the last minute Germany decided to respect the 125-mile long Dutch frontier, and swung its armies far to the south through Belgium. This, General Franz Von Epp, Nazi military leader, declared, cost Germany the first Battle of the Marne in 1914.

Long before Hitler came to power Von Epp and others of the new German General Staff had worked out a revised "Schlieffen Plan" (named for the ex-Kaiser's Chief of Staff).

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, of the European



From The Daily Telegraph (London)

The Netherlands, showing frontier to be fortified against possible German attacks



Acme

Queen Wilhelmina, who plans to strengthen Netherlands border

staff of the Chicago *Daily News*, said he heard of it in 1932. Two months ago, with frightening Netherlands speeding defense preparations, he made a survey of the German-Dutch frontier to see for himself.

In the next war, Mowrer says, he found Germany would invade the Netherlands, with three columns, without bothering to declare war. The main column would cross the Meuse in Dutch Limburg (see map) and attack the new Albert Canal, which, between Liège and Antwerp, in Belgium, makes difficult the task of crossing Belgium through the lowlands. The objective would be Calais.

The second column would advance in the north on both sides of the Rhine in an effort to pierce the rear of the Yessel River, the Dutch first line of defense.

The third column, if this supposed plan of attack were carried out, would bowl into the country still farther to the north in tanks and armored cars. It would start from the Bay of Blenheim and head for the closest point of the former Zuyder Zee. This would cut the Netherlands in the north completely save for the causeway on the North Sea.

Last week the fear of such a plan being carried into reality scared Wilhelmina's

subjects into voting \$36,000,000 for the purchase of modern aircraft and antiaircraft guns, for the erection of frontier fortifications and coastal defenses.

With characteristic calm, Netherlands, who decline to form alliances, voiced their convictions in this editorial of the *Rotterdamsche Courant*:

"The defense which the Government thinks is essential is not directed at anybody. Colijn has emphasized our good relations with all neighbors. However, in this age of engines, Holland's present defense is inadequate; therefore our splendid roads must be prepared against a coup.

"Also, efficient antiaircraft defense is indispensable. The same applies to bombing planes for an adequate reply in case of air attacks."

End of Naval Conference

Around a mammoth horseshoe table in the Queen Anne room of St. James's Palace, in London last week, a tripartite naval treaty was signed by representatives of Great Britain, the United States, and France, after three months of consultation.

Late in the afternoon the sun shone brilliantly through large windows, illuminating the heavy gold trimming of the room and the red tapestries on the walls.

The new treaty, which, some editors say, does not represent much progress, goes into effect December 31 and will apply until December 31, 1942. In the last three months of 1940, according to the United Press, Great Britain is to initiate consultations leading to another Conference in 1941.

What has been done, said the Montreal *Daily Star*, will, it is hoped, set an example of a desire not to enter into a naval armaments race. But, this newspaper added, "It is doubtful whether it will achieve much more."

Japanese Observers

Japan was represented at the final session of the conference only by two observers, and Italy refused to sign until the League of Nations penalties against her, because of her war in Ethiopia, are canceled. According to one American correspondent in London:

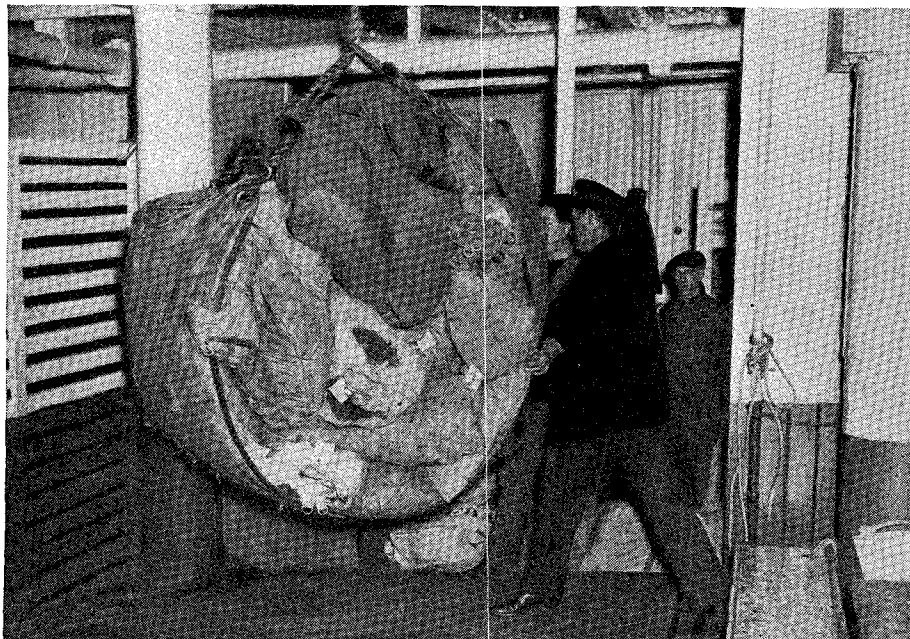
"Admittedly the treaty is a makeshift. It puts no limit on the number of ships that may be built by any signatory. It contains escape clauses by which even the restricted limitations provided may be overridden in event that naval competition by non-signatory Powers makes this necessary.

"The treaty provides for exchange of information in advance among the Powers on their building programs and to limit ships by classes and by gun-calibers."

Overshadowing in importance the signing of the treaty, as some editors thought, was the exchange of letters between Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, and Norman H. Davis, chief United States delegate at the conference, by which it was agreed that naval equality between the two countries shall be continued.

Subsidies: Political Water-Polo

Two Plans Before Congress, With Mercantile Marine Interests on Side-Lines, Fearful of Possible Loss of Government Aid



Wide World

The mails are valuable cargo for ocean-going ships

Political water-polo is the current Senatorial side-show at Washington. The game is being played with the future of the American mercantile marine as the issue.

Scrimmages are being fought over the new edition of the Copeland ship-subsidy bill, drafted to build a great American merchant marine with governmental funds. Shipbuilding and operating subsidies potent enough to put America near parity with other maritime Powers are the windward and leeward anchors of the plan.

Before the Copeland bill was presented to the Senate, the Upper House's Commerce Committee also studied a ship-subsidy plan offered by Senator Joseph F. Guffey, chubby, cheerful Democratic boss of Pittsburgh.

Senator Guffey's plan, reflecting the ideas of Postmaster General James A. Farley, was defeated by twelve votes to seven. But the rough-and-tumble Pennsylvanian is shrewd enough to carry on his record of abiding patience.

Senator Copeland, only medico in the Upper House, is prepared to fight for his bill, on the floor. He has won more than one battle. With his sturdy build, white hair, and blue eyes framed with heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles, the Senator looks like a small-town country doctor in whom every one confides.

He heard many views before he fostered his latest ship-subsidy plan. Briefly, it would create a United States Maritime Authority, provide for adjustment of ocean-mail contracts, for direct payments for construction and operation to make up for the cheaper costs of foreign competitors against whom United States ships must operate, and consolidation of governmental shipping activities.

Senator Copeland believes that the dif-

ference between his bill and Senator Guffey's is the difference between private and public ownership. He contends that foreign shipyards build so much more cheaply that the Government must be prepared to shell out 40 per cent. subsidies to American shipbuilders and shipowners.

Senator Guffey says a 33⅓ per cent. subsidy is ample for both construction and operation of American ships. His plan also provides for government ownership and operation of lines in which American shippers are uninterested. The Navy and Commerce Departments back Senator Copeland. On the other side is Farley, with his sheaf of canceled mail-contracts.

Shipowners Anxious

American shipowners stand on the side-lines, facing the possibility of losing all government aid by July 1 unless one of these bills is enacted. Close observers on Capitol Hill predict that one of them is becoming increasingly certain of passage. Neither bill, however, is satisfactory to all shipping interests.

"Senator Copeland seems to want to scuttle the merchant marine," the Washington *Daily News* charges. "No other conclusion is possible in the face of the new bill he is trying to jam through. . . .

"No alternative is provided for construction when private operators are, as they are at present, unable to undertake it in a measure sufficient to give us a respectable merchant fleet. No limit is set upon the amount of subsidies that can be dumped into operators' laps, not an unusual procedure, perhaps, but certainly not one to be perpetuated by Congress."

While the ship-subsidy bills flounder through the legislative pool, the Propeller Club of the United States is endeavoring to

interest future voters in the plight of the mercantile marine. It is conducting the second of its prize-essay contests for high-school students throughout the nation, together with a 1936 prize-poster contest.

The topic of the essay is "The Relation of the American Merchant Marine to our Industrial and Economic Welfare."

Voyages for Essays

Essays, limited to 2,000 words, must be in the hands of the judges by May 1. Prize-winners will be announced on May 22. Awards include sixteen free ocean trips—voyages to England, France, Scandinavia, South America, The Netherlands, Gibraltar, Spain, Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, Panama Canal, California, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

To the average high-school student, America's clipper-ship era is only a name, according to Arthur M. Tode, Propeller Club President. His club is sponsoring the essay contest because it believes in "developing a business not for the next few years, but for the generations to come."

1936 Tourist Fleet Ready

Two-score years ago, ocean liners carried auxiliary sails to steady them in rough seas, and to provide emergency motive-power when cantankerous engines wheezed their last. Sailings to Europe once a week were about the best transatlantic lines could do.

Now, more and more taxis are whizzing up to the great New York City piers along the Hudson River bearing eager Americans bound for the British Isles and the Continent. The transatlantic lines expect their greatest summer-travel season since 1929.

They are prepared for record numbers of teachers and students taking educational field-trips abroad to study art, literature, music, and scientific subjects. If need be, they can send off a boat-load a day.

There will be approximately 100 passenger ships on the job in the Atlantic. Luxurious superliners, comfortable cabin-ships, and freighters with room for only a dozen passengers are being refitted for the big-time ferrying job. It is in cabins, saloons, dining-rooms, swimming-pools, smoking-rooms, and bars that the differences lie.

Broadly speaking, these ships are in three classes. In the first place, there are the five-day boats, gigantic express-ships only recently launched. Then, the slightly larger group of ocean greyhounds about five years old. Single-class liners compose the third division, which is subdivided into cargo-carriers equipped to carry a few passengers, and cabin ships which cross the Atlantic at a leisurely pace.

Of course, there are tramp steamers which don't mind taking supercargo, but, travel agencies report, it's no easy task to find berths now, for most of them are sold out months ahead.

This year, most lines call the three classes of passengers carried cabin, tourist, and third class. All the prospective tourist has to do is to look at his bank-account—the transatlantic lines are prepared to do the rest.

"Ship Built for Utility"

Queen Mary's Power and Dignity To Be Tested at Sea

Scots excel in producing two commodities—whisky and ships. They take pride in both.

Nothing made in Scotland fires more native admiration than R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, the Cunard White Star Line's flag-ship. This week she is leaving the huge, new King George V graving-dock at Southampton, England, after having slowly steamed there for a short stay from John Brown's shipyard on "the bonny banks of Clyde," where she was built.

Soon, her 200,000 horse-power, her 1,018 feet of majestic dignity, and her powerful bulk of 80,773 tons will be tested in thorough trials off Northern Ireland.

On the gracefully stream-lined bridge will stand Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, a stocky Yorkshireman with blond hair that is graying at the temples. His finger, like a consulting physician's, will rest on the flag-ship's pulse, the engine-room telegraph. Of the 560 aboard, only he will know when the tests start and end.

Orders for controlling the mammoth turbines will be sent in code, instead of over the telephones which keep the skipper in constant touch with all parts of the *Queen Mary* wherever he may be.

Not long ago Commodore Britten, clad in burly tweeds, and puffing a crusty briar pipe, stood at the apex of the bridge with a crisp, chipper, youngish man in a black suit, overcoat, and derby hat. The skipper's companion was King Edward VIII.

Royal Tribute

The King brandished a homely corn-cob pipe in a sweeping arc and exclaimed: "This is a ship built for utility."

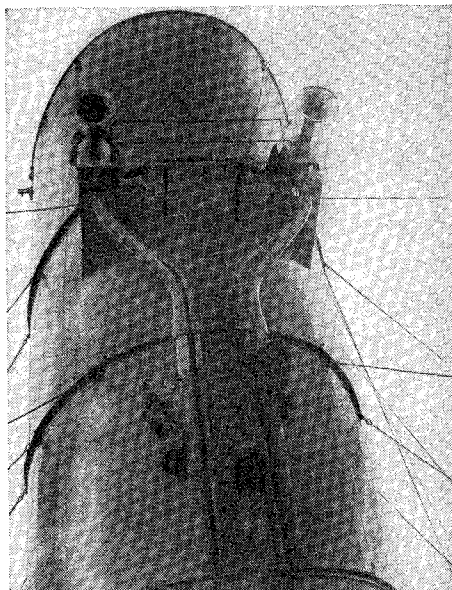
He knew, for he had walked six miles in exploring the *Queen Mary*. He had gone to the flag-ship's heart, the mighty turbines, by crawling down almost perpendicular gangways, wide enough for only one at a time. He saw the four huge propellers which will twist 6,500,000 gallons of water a minute as they whirl at 150 miles an hour.

The great liner will be sucked, rather than pushed, through the water. Two-thirds of the propulsive effort is exerted by the back, or suction, face of the blades, and only one-third by the so-called driving-face.

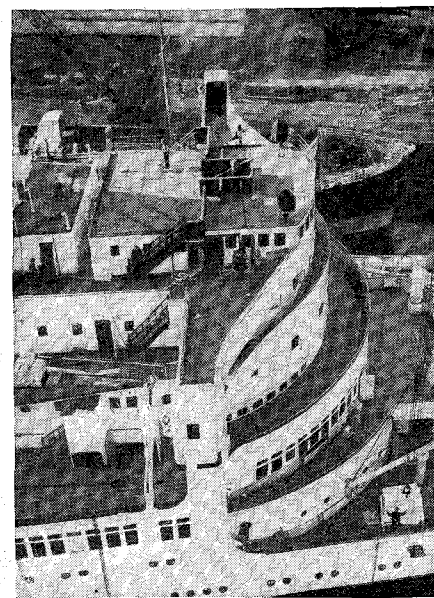
Every hour, as the *Queen Mary* cruises to New York on her maiden voyage (May 27 to June 1) at an average speed of twenty-nine knots with a maximum of thirty-five, 400 tons of water will be metamorphosed to steam in the boilers.

It is not only Scottish boiler-makers who swell with pride on beholding the *Queen Mary*. Englishmen, too, let their habitual reserve slack a bit. E. Thomas Cook writes in *The Empire Review*:

"We who live in the spirit of imperial unity regard her, I think, as a symbol of imperial progress—and as something more. She is the best that man can make, she is an instrument for the furtherance of peace."



Wide World



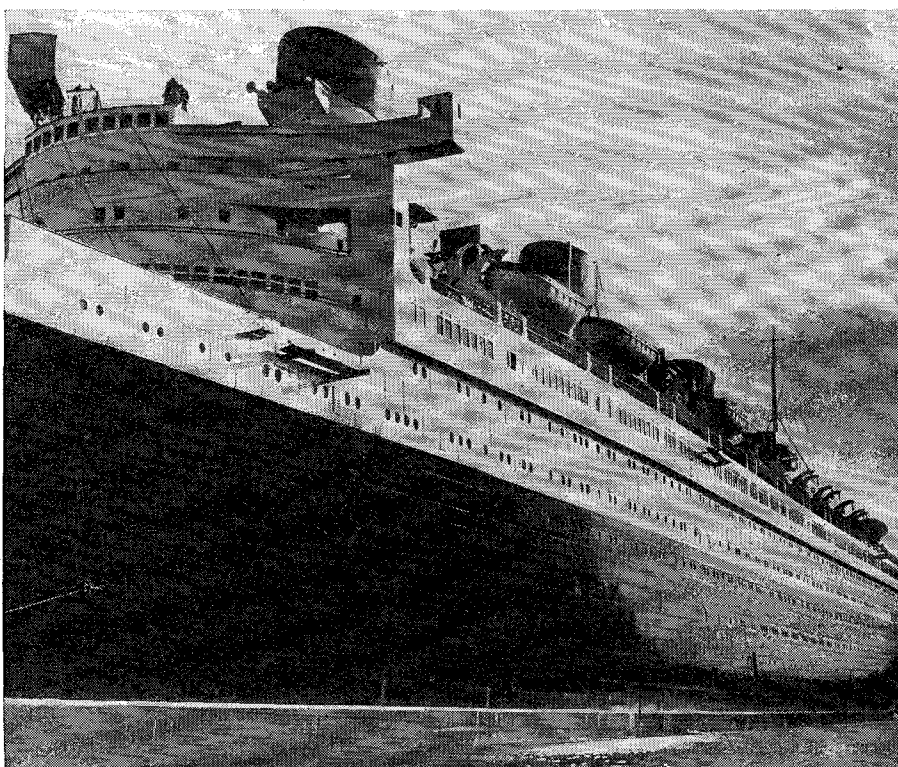
Glouce

The voice of the Queen Mary will be heard ten miles, but will be hardly audible below decks; (right) looking down on the ship's bridge and superstructure



Cunard White Star Photo

Dame Laura Knight puts the finishing touches on one of the Queen Mary's pictures



Underwood

Ship of 80,773 tons: the Queen Mary at Clydebank, just before leaving shipyard

China: Victim of Pandora's Box

As Communism Follows Christianity, Reds Fight on Theory That Religion Is an Opiate to Dull the Minds of the Masses



A crowd of the curious gathers to hear the Gospel read in a Chinese market-place

Communism followed Christianity into China, and, as in the West, the reds of China have turned on the followers of Christ, kidnapping, slaying missionaries, and making funeral-pyres of mission stations.

As Nathaniel Peffer put it in "China, the Collapse of Civilization," China's collapse can definitely be traced to the suddenness and ferocity of the impact of Western ideas, forms, and methods upon China. This impact came in the birth-throes of a new civilization, with resulting chaos.

So it is that Christianity's great stake in that land of havoc, internal wo, flood, pestilence, communism, and disruption by her Eastern neighbor is constantly imperiled and her apostles are constantly in danger.

Latest reports were that a communist army was advancing through Shansi Province, and that Christian missionaries were fleeing in front of them. General Yen Hsi-shan, overlord of the province, promised the American Embassy at Peiping that the missionaries in towns in the communists' path would be protected. Several American missionaries had taken refuge inside the city walls of Taiku, and others had reached the safety of Peiping. Six Americans, including four nurses, were believed safe in Fenchow, where fighting was reported.

Pandora's Box of West

All of China's woes are traced to the Pandora's Box of the West. The missionaries have kept the lamp of learning alight, educated the Chinese in the arts and sciences, and rescued public health from the formulas of an ancient pharmacy, to speak only of material things.

But as George E. Sokolsky points out in his book, "The Tinder Box of Asia" (Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.), it has been complained that mission schools denationalize the Chinese youth, that they teach more English than Chinese, more

Bible than Confucius, more about George Washington and his cherry-tree than about Sun Yat-sen and his "Three People's Principles."

"All probably true," he says. "But the missionaries have proved themselves capable of readjustment to the demands of their environment."

Nevertheless, as part of the antireligious phase in the communist ideology, Christianity is an object of attack in China as in Russia. "But in China," notes Mr. Sokolsky, "anti-Christianity has a special meaning. Christianity, to the communist, means the cultural penetration of China by the United States. The Christian missionary is, therefore, the forerunner of the American capitalist. Christianity then represents American imperialism." And as in Russia, religion to the communist is an opiate to dull the minds of the masses.

Tremendous Stake

In missions, schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, and other centers of religious influence, Christianity has a tremendous stake in troubled China. In 1933 eight American and Canadian Protestant denominations and the China Inland Mission, which includes organizations with home centers located in Europe, North America, and Australia, spent \$2,875,666 for the support of missions in China. Their missionaries totaled 5,743. In 1932 the ordained Protestant Chinese clergy numbered 1,865; the communicant members, 488,539, and the number under religious instruction, 239,857.

According to *The Rock*, a Hongkong Catholic monthly, the present Catholic population of China is 2,702,468, representing an increase of 78,908 during the preceding twelve months. The number in preparation for baptism was 465,000.

Catholic Bishops in China number eighty-

nine, of whom fourteen are Chinese. Nine of the Bishops are coadjutors or auxiliaries. There are also eight Chinese and twenty foreign Prefects Apostolic. Catholic priests number 4,014, of whom 1,647 are Chinese. Of the 1,148 brothers in the country, more than one-half are Chinese, and there are 3,319 Chinese and 1,831 foreign sisters.

Presbyterian "Rebels"

Two impenitents will go before the court of last resort of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. when it meets in Columbus, Ohio, April 14-16. They are the "rebels," Dr. J. Gresham Machen, leader of the Fundamentalist wing of his church, and the Rev. Carl McIntire, one of his disciples.

Both have been convicted by lower church jurisdictional bodies of "insubordination" and "disobedience." With both it is a matter of conscience—whether they shall obey the order of the General Assembly, which they regard as under Modernistic control, or "the authority of the word of God." Doctor Machen, fifty-four, urbane, and scholarly, was brought to trial a year ago for refusing to resign from the Independent Board of Foreign Missions, as ordered by the General Assembly of 1933.

The Independent Board had been formed by him on the ground that the regular denominational Board had become too modernistic and was too hazy on the doctrines. For one thing, it failed to rebuke Pearl Buck, novelist, and former missionary in China, for expressing doubt of the Virgin Birth.

Doctor Machen, who is President of the Westminster Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, declares that he has not been permitted to prove his charges of Modernism and that the entire proceedings against him are unconstitutional.

On the result of his appeal to the Permanent Judicial Commission of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. may depend whether the Presbyterians will split—Modernists on the one side, Fundamentalists on the other.



Keystone

For Dr. J. Gresham Machen, the General Assembly has become too "modernistic"

To-Day's "Lost Generation"

*Youth, With Ambitions Humbled, Is Sunk in Apathy, Says a Writer,
Who Draws No Indictment But Sounds a Warning*



International

Members of "the lost generation" on their way to diplomas and graduation

The economic collapse in 1929 sponged away bank accounts, frightened solvent adults and squeezed the average family's purse down until it was disagreeably thin. When it struck at the purse, it struck at youth. Every country is faced with "a lost generation" injured by the pinch.

Ambitions have been humbled; enterprise has been chilled. Youth, apparently, has sunk into such apathy it doesn't even care what happens next. Wars are sown and tilled in a generation turned gray by adversity.

The painful picture in America is described by Maxine Davis in "The Lost Generation" (The Macmillan Company). There is little in her findings to stoke up hope or courage. She coursed more than 10,000 miles in four months, and came back with a bleak result.

"Sheep-Like Apathy"

She found tragedy in the fact that nowhere did youth count itself in a temporary jam. It no longer had even the conviction that it could or would emerge from its distress. She found native youth "to-day accepts its fate with sheep-like apathy."

The motor impulse has been discouraged so long that youth declines to help itself, she believes. The generation will not even try to get under way and swing out for itself. Instead, "it wants a lift; if it doesn't get it, it just sits."

It is waiting to thumb a free ride on momentum supplied by some one else. That is part of their cynical attitude that success and opportunity, not energy and application, are the plums of favoritism.

In every compass direction of America she found boys and girls able to work but unwilling to scabble for a chance. They awaited the good uncle or second cousin who would ease them into jobs.

"It's not ability," they told her, "but 'pull' that gets the jobs."

Miss Davis, a Washington newspaper and magazine writer, traveled from Coast to Coast in her search for information. She wanted to know what youth is doing and thinking to-day. She found out by direct contact. It isn't doing anything, in her opinion. It isn't even thinking any more than it must.

Everywhere she heard a monotone: "I want a job."

But it was a discouraged monotone voiced in dull words. She looked into the various employment sources: Federal, State, community and charitable. They should have helped youngsters to come alive again. But after lumping them altogether at their efficient best, she found they scarcely dug a finger into the problem.

Miss Davis does not indict youth. She sighs for it. She recognizes that to-day's youth is different from that of yesterday, the generation prior to 1929. It has been battered about by different experiences.

When youngsters of working age arrived at it, job-seeking became a torture. There were no jobs. It was as blank as that.

"The depression years," she reports, "have left us with a generation robbed of time and opportunity just as the Great War left the world its heritage of a lost generation."

Europe Affected

Europe was faced with a similar plight. Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler solved it, each for himself and his lost youngsters. It is felt their solutions are temporary.

Miss Davis does not anticipate the same results here—"at least not yet." It seems that American youth is so bogged it can not summon the energy to cry out for itself. She found little of communism or of radicalism generally.

"Dixie's youth to-day would never fire on Fort Sumter," she writes. "British tea and King George's taxes would be unloaded

without protest by the young men of Massachusetts and Vermont. The Declaration of Independence is a page of fine type in the back of their history books.

"If they were to hear an orator aver that 'when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness), it is the right of people to alter and abolish it,' they would label him 'red,' and walk out. They would not fight for State's rights or any rights, because they have no interest in them."

There, to Miss Davis, is the grave danger: "this lack of revolt is more ominous than active radicalism."

Expanding industry will make more jobs available. But Miss Davis dangles the witch of technological unemployment to show that many who have been trained or educated for specialties will not find them.

Having described the picture, she offers a formula to eradicate it from the American scene.

"This is a neighborhood, a town problem, to be attacked by us who know one another," she says.

Specifically, Miss Davis wants a junior reemployment and consultation service. It would be set up by correlating all employment sources, local training, retraining, and guidance facilities. The advisability of raising the school age to keep youngsters off the labor market would be considered. Business and industry would be canvassed for jobs in their own employment schemes. Public service would be extended to "provide occupation and serve as a civic asset for the taxpayers."

If these things are not done—

Miss Davis sounds this warning:

"Remember—this army moving with the shuffling feet of the faithless is our future—and mayhap our retribution."

Stipends for Saving Souls

Saving souls in Los Angeles brings in a comfortable stipend for Rheba Crawford Splivalo, assistant to Aimee Semple McPherson. Mrs. Splivalo, red-haired, former Salvation Army lassie in New York and once known as the "Angel of Broadway," does her bit in the Angelus Temple, and for her services, reports the National Conference of Jews and Christians News Service, she receives a monthly stipend of \$600. "Sister Aimee," meanwhile, is concentrating in New Orleans.

Other preachers of the Gospel in Los Angeles don't get as much as Rheba of the vivacious and spectacular manner and pleasant, husky voice. Catholic priests, reports the N. C. J. C. News Service, "receive \$83 a month regardless of the size or wealth of the congregation, and the assistants the sum of \$50 a month, tho, if the congregation be an especially poor one, both pastor and his assistant seldom see any pay-day."

"Baptist clergy fare no better, for the average salary of a married man with family is \$150 a month; likewise the Methodists, and a check-up of other denominations revealed that high salaries for clergy, even for Bishops, are few and far between."

On the Current Screen

"The Great Ziegfeld" Lives Again in Film Unreeling the Glamorous and Exciting Story of Astute Showman's Career

Within twenty-four hours after the death of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., in Los Angeles in the summer of 1932, every motion-picture studio of consequence was at work on a scenario detailing his glamorous life.

One by one, the projected scenarios withered. It became a Hollywood axiom that some one ought to film the life of Ziegfeld but that no one ever would.

One studio ignored the defeatist attitude and plodded ahead. Out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, they have completed "The Great Ziegfeld." William Anthony McGuire, long associated with Ziegfeld as a dramatist, finally evolved the story.

Customarily, a film-story that has had long, dogged attention ends up as a dull, turgid picture. This is not at all true of "The Great Ziegfeld." It is an excellent motion-picture, dealing knowingly and excitingly with one of the most astute showmen the American theater ever had.

There will be picayune complaint that the story is not altogether factual, and that certain incidents have been twisted around to preserve continuity of plot. Of these openly committed flaws, the death of Ziegfeld in New York—rather than in Los Angeles—will cause the most comment. Actually, for picture purposes, it is of small importance. The locale is not an essential. The fact of his death is.

Deferred Romance

His romance with and marriage to Billie Burke comes much later in the film narrative than it did in life. Again, it scarcely is anything to erode full enjoyment of an excellent film excellently made.

Part of the long delay in the picture was occasioned by the necessity of having to wait for authentic Ziegfeld stars. They had other contracts, other commitments. Eventually they were rounded up, put be-

fore the cameras and photographed in scenes strongly reminiscent of the actual scenes they played in long-past "Follies."

Among these are Fannie Brice and Harriet Hctor. Eddie Cantor is played by Buddy Doyle, and faithfully. A. A. Trimble, a remarkable double, is seen as Will Rogers.

The photoplay picks Ziegfeld up as a young, ambitious showman at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893. He is exhibiting Sandow, the "strongest man in the world." Later, involving Sandow in a fake wrestling bout with a lion in San Francisco, Ziegfeld leaves town hurriedly, winding up in London. A rival, *Billings*, is trying to sign Anna Held to an American tour. Ziegfeld gets to her first, signs her, and falls in love with her.

Dawn of "Follies"

These and countless other scenes, describing his discovery of Fannie Brice in burlesque, his first idea for making the "Follies," the Ziegfeld Roof shows and other important steps in his career follow.

In the end he is shown, weakened by illness, bankrupt by producing too lavishly in the midst of the depression. The last two lines in the picture have been, in the past, reported as his actual last words.

His faithful valet, according to legend, said:

"You have left them the memory of the finest things on the stage. . . ."

"That was nice of you, Sidney, to say that," Ziegfeld replied.

To dapper, often sleuth-rôled William Powell goes the task of recreating Ziegfeld. Billie Burke is played by Myrna Loy and the tempestuous Anna Held is assigned to Luise Rainer, the winning Austrian actress brought over by Metro last year.

These three make a powerful combina-

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"These Three"; "The Country Doctor"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "Things to Come"; "The Great Ziegfeld."

AAA—"A Night at the Opera"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "The Milky Way"; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"; "Follow the Fleet"; "Desire"; "The Singing Kid."

The ratings are: AAAA, Excellent; AAA, Good; AA, Acceptable, and A, Poor.

tion and, alone, are virtually enough to make the picture resolute and authentic. Addition of others, such as Miss Brice, Miss Hctor, and scores of back-stage luminaries, completes a stunning cast.

It is Ray Bolger, a dancing comedian long popular on Broadway, who will emerge as a favorite of the critics and probably of the audiences.

Robert Z. Leonard has directed with restraint in the dramatic scenes, with lavishness in the musical comedy spots.

Robert Welsh, who saw a "sneak" preview of "The Great Ziegfeld" in Santa Barbara, California, summed up thus for *The Hollywood Reporter*:

"'The Great Ziegfeld' weaves music and drama, spectacle and human interest elements that are eye-filling, ear-thrilling and heart-tugging into a blend that marks a milestone in screen production.

". . . Good taste, freedom from vulgarity, those are items that should be remembered . . . while the numbers are in mind. There are elements here for which we must divide an army of credits among a group of major generals. . . . To all, and that goes from top to bottom, the best that we can think to say is: Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of this picture."



Brown Bros.

Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, as portrayed by William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Great Ziegfeld" and (right) in real life



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And if you knew how highly Hudson owners think of Electric Hand magic, you'd hurry to the nearest showroom and put *your* hands in this picture.

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better way, you will say good-bye with a smile to old-fashioned shifting . . . and the levers you used to stumble over. How Hudson owners do enjoy that clear floor space in front, with *leg* room, as well as *seat* room, for three!

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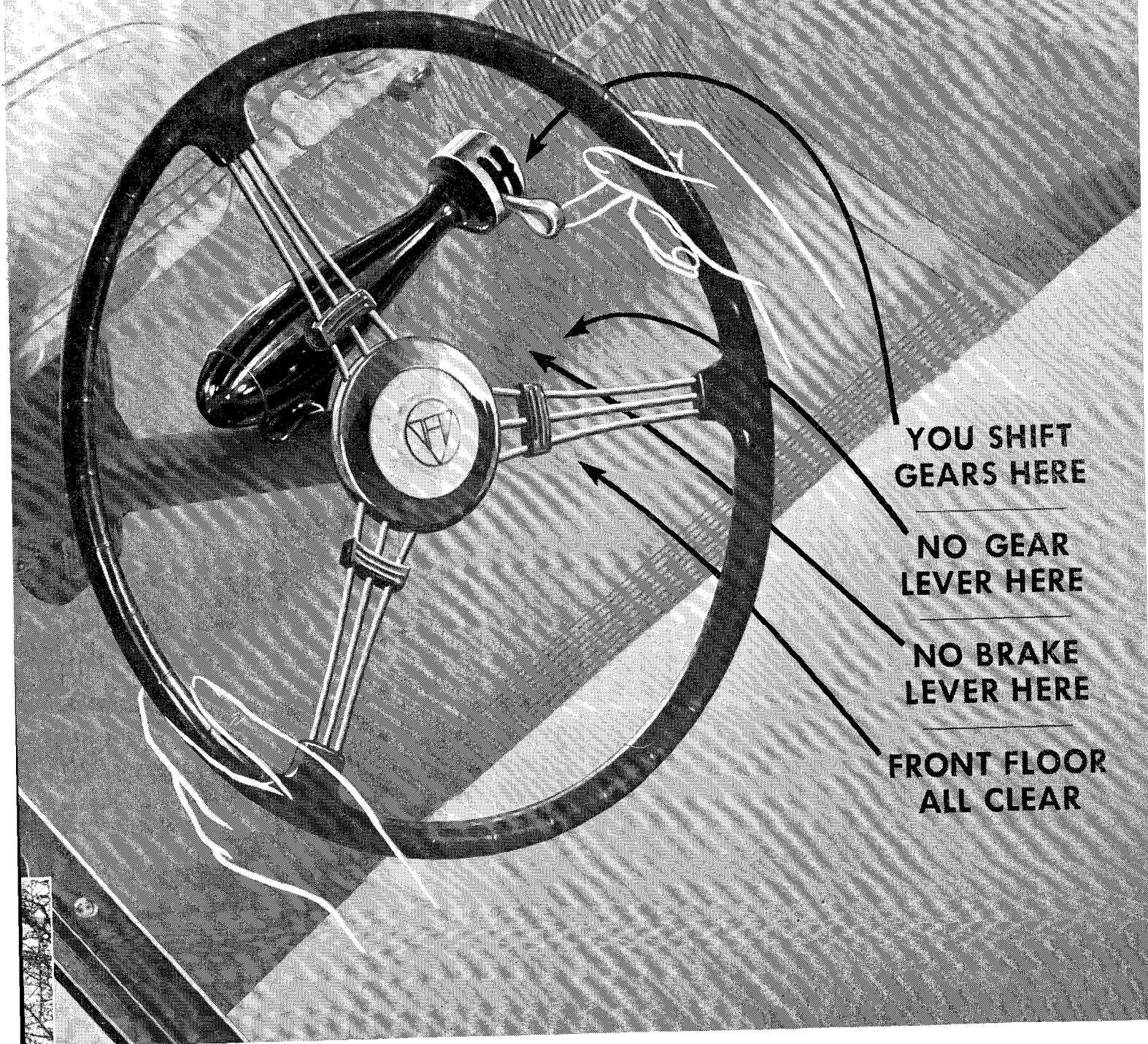
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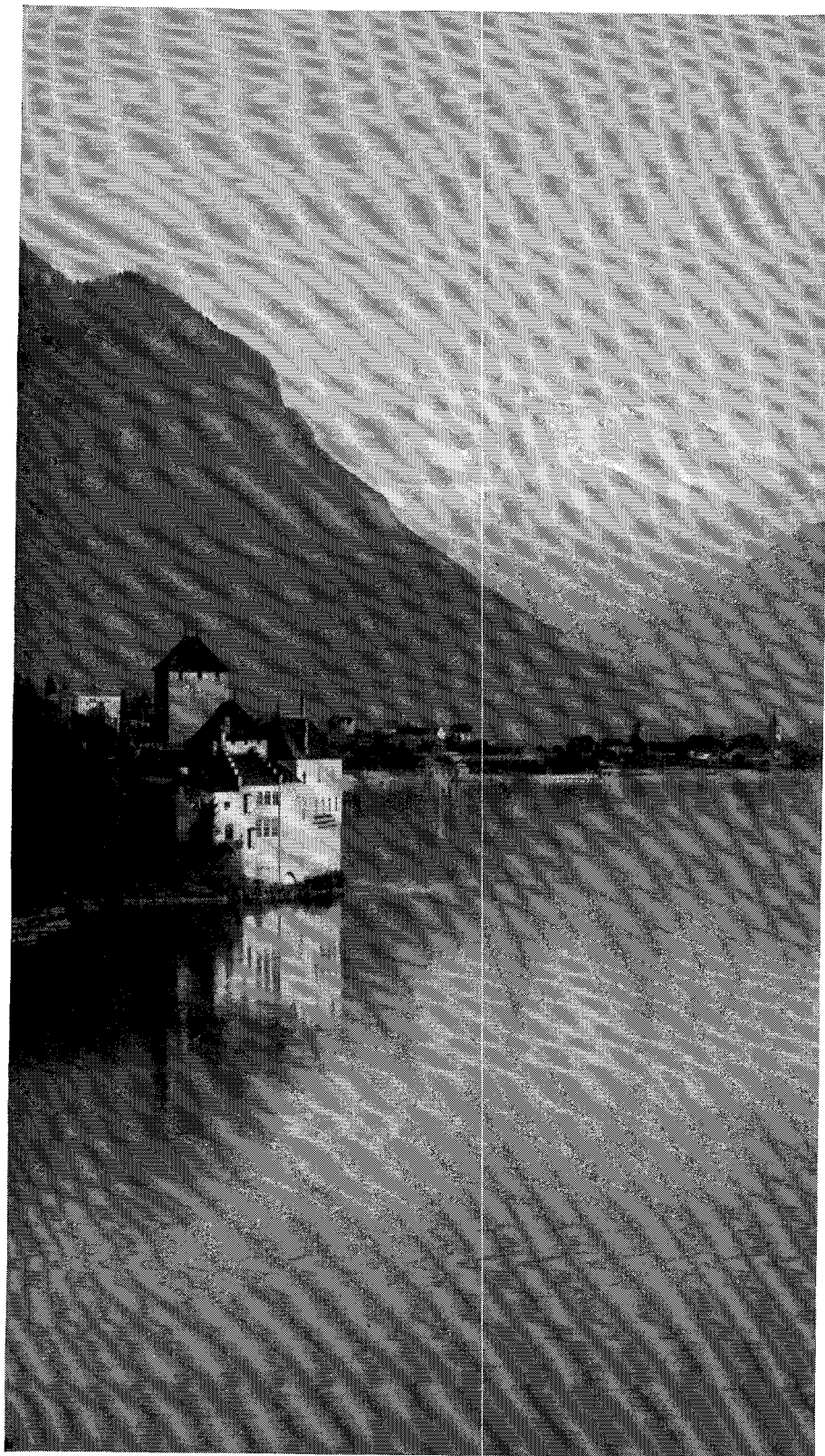
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'Round and Around

Expert Dissects Swing Music, Finding What Makes it Go

When the whole country began to sing, "You push the first valve down, the music goes 'round and around," most people didn't ask questions. They just sang. But some grew curious.

"What kind of music is this, anyway?" they wanted to know.

"Swing music," they were told.

But Robert Paul Smith, writing in the scholarly *Independent Journal of Columbia University*, objects strongly to that answer. A senior in Columbia College, Mr. Smith has made a specialized study of popular music, has followed the work of better-known band-leaders closely, and is preparing a book on the unexploited subject of "swing" music.

What It Is

In his article, "Swing Music: *Le Jazz Hot*," Mr. Smith tells just what "swing" music is and isn't.

"After 'The Music Goes 'Round and Around' struck pay-dirt in the popular field," declares Mr. Smith, "the public, already a bit punch-drunk from having its collective ear massaged with 'whoa-ho-ho,' was treated to an amazing fund of misinformation by the press.

"If you remember, you were told that 'The Music Goes 'Round and Around' was a swing tune; that this type of music was new and startling and different; that Riley and Farley, the *soi-disant* composers, were superb swing musicians . . . and that this composition was sheer genius.

"There is no such thing as a swing tune; when Duke Ellington plays 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,' it swings. When Wayne King plays 'Riverboat Shuffle' it does not swing. As to its being new—perhaps the best swing music ever played and recorded was shortly after the War. . . .

"America, long the gawkiest and most self-conscious of the nations, with true adolescent false modesty, has been afraid to recognize this lusty growth because it comes from its own back-yard.

"England and France, more mature and self-assured as they are, have long had a lively appreciation for swing music.

Authentic Book

"From the French . . . we have the only current authentic book on the subject, Hugues Panassié's '*Le Jazz Hot*.' A Belgian lawyer, Robert Goffin, has written another book, '*Aux Frontières du Jazz*,' an inferior production. The United States, home of swing music, has seen fit to neglect research and book publication. . . .

"Swing music hits the heights and plumbs the depths, and while it is doing one it is inevitably doing something of the other. It is tremendously alive and real all the way, and it is about time America realized that it has produced something to shout about.

"Swing is an experience that shouldn't be missed; it will remain esoteric only so long as these barriers remain, and until it is recognized as a legitimate art form—the only one beside animated cartoons that America has produced."

Sophistication Plus Rural Naïveté

Quaint Rustic Scenes Depicted by Doris Lee, Young Illinoisan, With Dashes of Montparnasse Bohemia and Dickens Humor



Typical of the artist's scenes of country life: Maytime, by Doris Lee

When a droll pink-and-green canvas, called "Thanksgiving," won first prize at the Chicago Art Institute last October, one critic snorted:

"If this is American art, let's scrap it and start over."

Equally indignant, Mrs. Frank G. Logan, wife of the Institute's Honorary President, and, with her husband, donor of the award, exclaimed:

"Fancy giving a \$500 prize for an awful thing like that! The most pathetic part is that we can not withdraw the award."

Other critics, however, were more favorably impressed; and, subsequently, in her first one-man show in Washington, Doris Lee, young Illinois artist, piled up a fat scrap-book of clippings. When she was commissioned to do two murals in the new Post-Office at Washington, her reputation was established.

New Yorkers, at the opening of her exhibit in the Walker Galleries last week, were prepared to like her quaint farmyard scenes that looked like illustrations from Dickens, plus a dash of Currier & Ives print.

Antique Quality

"Like others whose subject matter is 'Americana,'" observed *The Art Digest*, "Miss Lee attains a certain posed and antique quality that might be found in early American color-prints. Remembering her childhood days on an Illinois farm, she turns to rustic subjects—old farmhouses, haystacks, orchards and family gatherings."

Using the word "Americana" of her work, says Miss Lee, gives her "a pain in the neck." To her it is just an easy tag for a critic.

But perhaps the word is used because the Midwestern quality of her home-town,

Aledo, Illinois, saturates everything she paints, even when she draws her subject matter elsewhere. The daughter of a small-town merchant and banker who had a large family, Miss Lee knows her bustling village kitchens well enough to treat them with sly, affectionate humor.

It was her grandfather, a dabbler in oil-colors, who started her off. From Aledo she went to Ferry Hall, fashionable girls' finishing school in the heart of a millionaire's colony at Lake Forest, Illinois. Here she acquired a touch of sophistication that never quite penetrated her rural naïveté.

After leaving Rockford College, she went to Paris to study art in earnest. To the naïveté of Aledo and the sophistication of

Ferry Hall, was added a dash of Montparnasse Bohemia.

Subsequent studies in Kansas City, in California, and in the Woodstock, New York, art colony, completed her training. In Woodstock, where she now lives, she married a chemical engineer who turned to photography. Lately her subjects have been drawn from this Hudson River vicinity.

"What I feel," says Miss Lee of her work, "is a sort of violence." No doubt it is this sense of violence that makes even her quietest landscape vibrate with movement.

In a picture of a girl plucking apple-blossoms, even the trees writhe. Everything in "Hudson River Excursion" moves, from the flapping banners to the choppy clouds and the passengers waving on deck.

In addition to painting, Miss Lee plays the piano "the way anybody else would"; stuffs the game she shoots in the Catskills; reads Chaucer and Spencer; loathes rugged individualism; and thinks artists need a union for protection against "economic exploitation."

Art's "Great Divide"

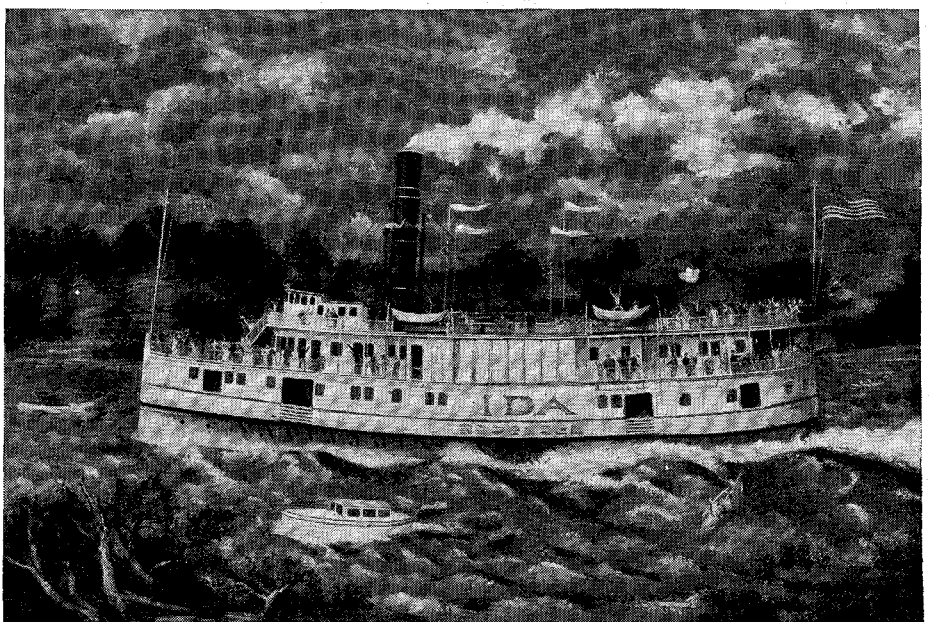
Will 1935 go down in the history of American art as the year of "the Great Divide"?

Last year, according to an introductory survey by F. A. Whiting, Jr., in *American Art Annual* (published by the American Federation of Arts), the conservative artists "summoned their strength and presented a united front" to the moderns. The two groups now stand clearly defined.

This "tendency to stand forth in their real colors" Mr. Whiting finds "a healthy sign."

Another healthy sign is this: "The need for America-First ballyhoo has grown less. A start has been made toward critical appreciation."

The volume includes a list of American art museums, societies, schools, journals, newspapers carrying art notes, and paintings sold at auctions. Highest prices: a Gilbert Stuart and a Franz Hals at \$20,000 each; and a Corot at \$13,000.



Photographs Courtesy Walker Galleries, Inc.

Lively movement on the river, depicted in Hudson River Excursion, by Doris Lee

News of the Book World

Arctic Adventure: My Life in the Frozen North. By Peter Freuchen. 467 pp. Illus. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; \$3.50.)

The novelists dote upon a palm-laden South Sea island for romance and Tahiti still gets along on the glamorous reputation it acquired among white men in the eighteenth century, but Peter Freuchen was made of sterner stuff. His Viking blood bade him get up and go, so off he hied him to Greenland, seeking fox pelts, scientific data, and exploration.

He got for himself an amputated foot, due to injury on the journey to Ponds Inlet, and a fine growth of whiskers to give himself an appearance not unlike Mr. Chief Justice Hughes. He married the cute little Eskimo Navarana. "Many years later I heard the term 'going native,' but it did not occur to me then that that was what I was doing," he writes; and Navarana was a never-failing source of wonderment until she died.

They had two children: Pipaluk, the daughter; and Mequsaq, the son. "The boy had been born at 3 A.M., June 16, 1916," his father reports. "At 8 o'clock that morning Navarana got up again, straightened her house and walked out with the boy on her back. At 5 o'clock that night she led the ball with Knud and danced with abandon. She went to bed, however, before all the guests had departed, complaining of being tired."

On the fifth day, she carried little Mequsaq in her hood to the top of the mountain Umanak "and pointed out to him his hunting-grounds and bade him be a big killer of game and provider of meat."

Unconscious Eloquence

Of such is the unconscious eloquence of this queer tale and thus do we learn how it has been possible for the Eskimo to survive.

Life in Greenland, one discovers, is one excitement after another. Wolves must be fought, meat killed; even trading for furs has its thrills, for the Eskimo, one gathers, is a skrewd and tough bargainer.

Peter Freuchen, however, had his deepest interest in the natives. He bitterly resents the condescension of the Danish King on a visit to the Thule of the Norse fables and constantly harps upon the unbounded admiration of the Eskimos for Peary, who treated them as comrades and is still remembered in their stories.

But time never hung heavy upon Freuchen's hands and he rushes from the glacier to a strange bull-fight in which Rasmussen slew musk-oxen with a knife while he played the rôle of picador with a



Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Peter Freuchen, author, as the white trader in the motion-picture, "Eskimo"

stone. The reader encounters a hearty spirit of joyous adventure and absorbs it, so that a storm on the ice-cap, a desperate gamble with luck on an ice-pan, a whale-killing, or a bear hunt takes on the aspect of a great personal occasion.

"It is surprising that so many men go to the Arctic with no consideration of the fact that it requires will power and endurance to live there," the author warns. "You have only yourself to depend upon; and there are always around you a number of fools in a worse state than your own. The Arctic is merciless, sorts out the weaklings, and disposes of them in its own harsh manner."

* * *

Augustus. By Günther Birkenfeld. 396 pp. (New York: Liveright Publishing Company; \$2.50.)

Herr Birkenfeld, who will be remembered as the author of "A Room in Berlin," may think he has written a strictly historical novel; its burden, however, has a curious contemporary tinge, for all that it begins with the assassination of Julius Caesar and ends with the peaceful death of Augustus.

Hard upon the heels of the news of the great Caesar's slaying at the hands of Brutus and Cassius and the senatorial assassins, Octavius sped to Rome. There he discovered he had been adopted by the dead hero and there he learned with a mighty rage that he was being despoiled by the ambitious Mark Antony. Being without troops or fortune, he bargained with the luxury-loving hypocrites. Bit by bit he won back his foster father's power, but not before a *coup d'état* and bloody proscription which was only the more dignified Roman name for a political purge.

At last he divided the Empire and took as his portion Italy itself. From there he reached out and seized the West. By defeating Antony at sea, he won the East. Machiavelli would have loved him, for

Octavius had no trouble whatsoever justifying that which he did on the ground that it was for the common good of Rome. Thus, with great skill he took the fullest advantage of Antony's infatuation for Cleopatra; with pious sophistry, he excused himself for putting upon the proscribed list the name of a man who had protected and befriended him.

Concerning Augustus's greatness, the author, of course, has the sanction of history; and as a story, he has made the life of Augustus beguiling, for these are no schoolroom Octavius, no copy-book Agrippa, no Shakespearian Mark Antony, but proper rascals, rogues, connivers, and mighty heroes and fine gentlemen of robust literary flesh and blood.

"Many have to be lured into the story of history by dressing the latter up in the form of a story," said the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* (Cleveland). "That is what we have here, for 'Augustus' is a historical novel and an excellent one. The author is as true to life in presenting the Roman scenes as if he were actually engaged upon a historical manuscript."

* * *

Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady. By Richard Blaker. 378 pp. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.50.)

English critics seem to have gone off the deep end concerning Mr. Blaker's novel. Thus, Louis Golding, who should know better, erupts in great ecstasy, saying, "I consider Richard Blaker one of the greatest novelists at present using the English language. . . . 'Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady' is, in my view, a masterpiece in contemporary fiction." Richard Straus in the London *Sunday Times* rhapsodizes, saying the work "definitely establishes him as a writer of uncommon distinction," and Sean O'Faolain, in the London *Spectator*, grows lyrical, saying the novel "suggests . . . musical overtones."

Americans, however, will recognize in these pages the story of the go-getter and

a wife's hard lot, trying to keep up with him. The title, borrowed from Walter de la Mare, hints at an epitaph, but it should be said that the "lies" could easily be translated into "fibs," for it was Hetty's good fortune to be skilful at telling little white lies.



Richard Blaker

John Billiter was what we call a promoter. Hills were full of gold and plains were mere hatch-covers for oil-pools. He raced around the world, chasing financial rainbows.

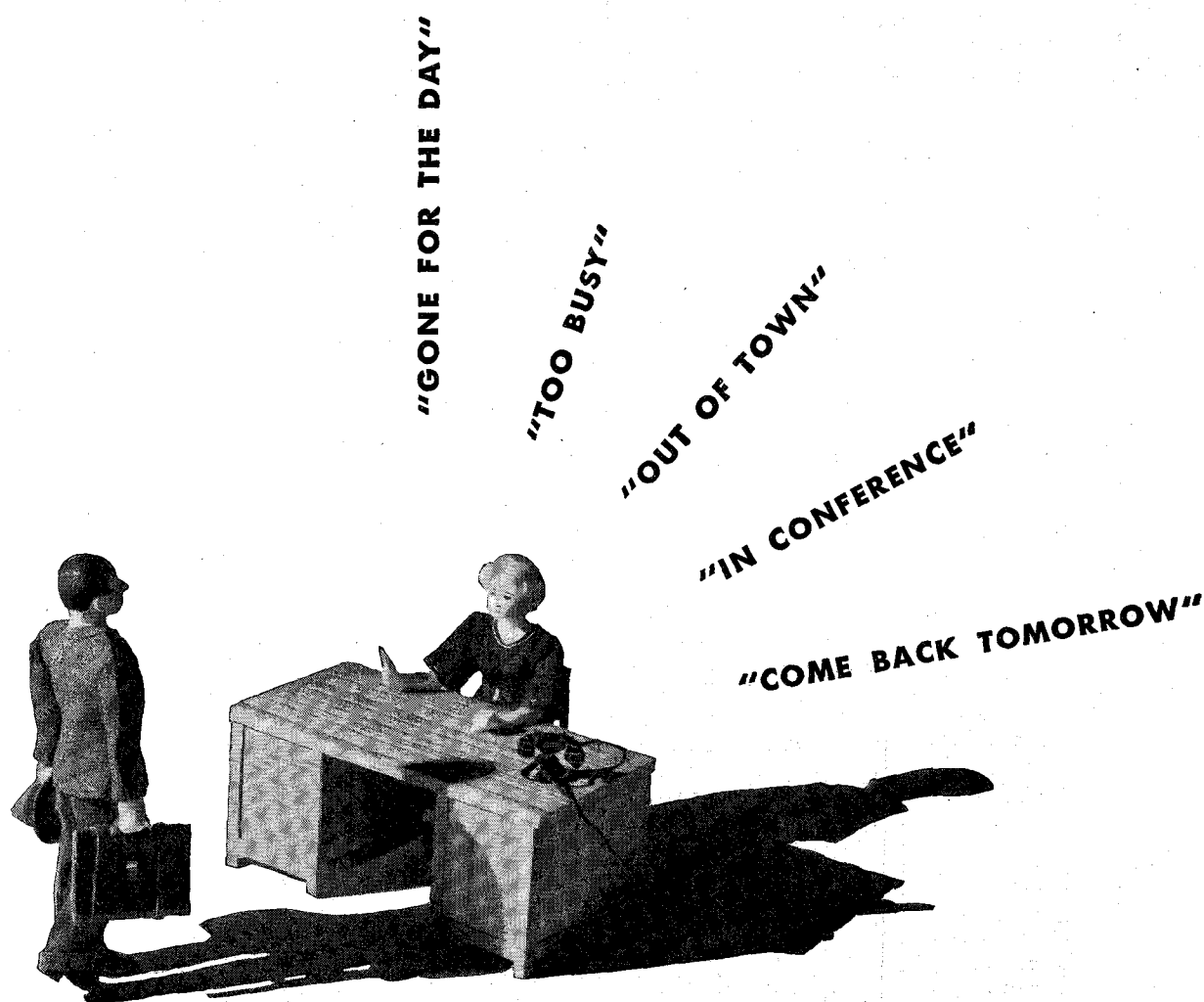
Mr. Blaker's story is modern, meaning swift, but it is the well-told old, old story of the wife who saw through her bustling husband's stratagems and remained serene, knowing that no matter where the strange creature she had married might take her, he was her destiny.



Günther Birkenfeld

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Current Poetry

Unpublished poetry is not used in this department. Contributions unaccompanied by postage will not be returned

NO ALIEN BEAUTY

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

This is no alien sky that curves above me—
This is no alien earth beneath my feet—
No alien voices could so deeply move me
As these new voices sounding low and sweet . . .

Strangely familiar are the sheep-worn meadows—
And Sussex downs I have not walked before—
Gray London streets—a cloister's silent shadows—
And stark old cliffs along the Dover shore.

These are not alien things: The Channel's thunder—
The purple, rain-swept moor—a lark's delight
Which stabs the listening heart with its sheer wonder—
And the cool dusk that waits the hesitant night . . .

And legendary spires near a slow river—
And gardens sunset-bright with daffodils—
Green lanes of Devon—lilac trees that quiver
Before the song of wind on Kentish hills.

This is no alien beauty found in roaming
Exotic and forgotten places . . . I
Turn unto this, as turns a glad bird homing . . .
This—this is England—all her earth and sky!
—This Week.

RELATIONS

BY JANE TALLMAN

My neighbor, Elizabeth Emerson Jones,
Is ardent American clear to her bones—
Yet, tho she was certainly born in New York,
The flash of her wit hints at kinship in Cork.

Her fairness of hair and her eyes' azure shine
Came surely from Sweden by way of the Rhine,
Whereas olive skin and an indolent grace
Suggest Andalusia and old Spanish lace.

Tho she lends to her hat and her gown such an air
You know a Parisian is hiding somewhere,
A casual glance at her short, pretty nose
Brings thought of the Kremlin and Russia's deep snows,

And I'm free to confess her school record is such
That I often reflect, "Ah, you can't beat the Dutch!"
All of which being true, I am minded to sing
Of her color, like Warwickshire hawthorn in spring.

In brief, tho the Stars and the Stripes have her heart,
Of many fair lands she is product and part
So—Gretchen, Dolores, Wilhelmina, Marie!—
She sends you her greeting, most warmly through me.

Hark, Heidi, far up where your mountain sheep graze,
And Tessa whose town rims the bluest of bays,
Diana and Olga in far-away lands!—
American Betty holds out her two hands!

—The American Girl.

AFTER GREAT SUFFERING

BY CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

O brood not on the way he died
Think only—he is dead,
Death is so kind—so casual,
Simple—as daily bread.

—Silhouettes.



JAMES NEILL NORTHE, tenor, pianist, and composer. Editor and Publisher of "Threads and Shadows" and "Land of Gold" anthologies and other volumes of poetry. Editor and founder of Silhouettes and Warp and Woof Author of "Mata Hari" (sonnets) and coauthor of "Gonfalon"

TINSEL LACE ON A WAXEN DOLL

BY MARGARET SCOTT COPELAND
AND
JAMES NEILL NORTHE

Dance, little lady in tinsel lace,
Step to the tune that the piper plays,
Pose with your studied and lithesome grace,
Dance, little lady, and take your praise.

Dreams that are brightest will fade at dawn,
Fade and will turn to the grayest ash;
Love will depart with a smothered yawn,
Castles will tumble and life will crash.

Know, little lady, we all must pay,
Nothing is left to the will of chance;
Play, if you will, till the end of day,
Toll is demanded of all who dance.

So . . .
Dance, little lady in tinsel lace,
Step to the tune that the piper plays,
Pose with your studied and lithesome grace.
Dance, little lady, and take your praise.
—Gonfalon (Service Press, Ontario, California.)

QUIET WOMEN

BY WALTER R. ADAMS

There be quiet women,
Those who listen well,
Those who wrest from Caution
Everything they tell.

There be quiet women,
Women in whose eyes
Many a half-seen story
Holds its breath—and dies.

—Kaleidograph

BLIND

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

I saw the meadow strangely set
With daffodil along the road,
As in a cryptic alphabet
Whose letters I could not decode.

And tho a glory longed to break
Its meaning to my groping mind,
I felt my heart would always ache
For what my sight could never find.

—The Christian Century

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

decadent.—"H. H. C.," New York City.—In the United States the preferred pronunciation of *decadent* is with the stress on the penultima—*de-ca'dent*, *a* as in *pray*. In England, the preferred pronunciation is with the stress on the antepenultima—*dec'a-dent*, with the first *e* as in *deck*, and the *a* as in *final*. Both pronunciations are now regarded as permissible in each country, tho the above preferences are generally observed.

Hein.—"F. J. M.," Kokomo, Ind.—In the designation "Freund Hein" (sometimes written *Hain*), *Hein* is an abbreviation of *Heinrich*. The use of the expression as a personification of Death is attributed to the German poet, Matthias Claudius (1740-1815).

The interjection *hein* is French, and is used much in the same manner as the equivalent English *eh*—to express amazement or to indicate interrogation. Altho French, it has become widely used by Germans, Austrians, and Italians.

pinkie, pinky.—"D. S. T.," New York City.—As used in the expression, "There's a wee *pinkie* hole in your stocking," the word *pinkie* is Scottish. *Pinkie* or *pinky*, for anything small, diminutive, or tiny, is English and at least four hundred years old. It is a contraction of *pinkeny* which was first written *pink nye* (from *pink*, narrow, and *nye*, eye), then *pinkie nye*, and originated in child language, imitated by nurses, and through this it became a term of endearment for a teenie weenie or tiny or dear little *eye*.

As to the little finger: *pinkie* or *pinky* dates from 1750 or thereabout, and was noted by Jamieson in his Dictionary under *pinkie* in 1808. "To turn up the *pinkie*" is also Scottish for to drink or to tipple, in allusion to holding out the little finger when lifting a glass to drink. Keith, in "Bonnie Lady," wrote of one of his characters in the story, "He's got more spunk in his *pinkie* (little finger) than mony a man in his hail body."

propitious.—"H. G. S.," Detroit, Mich.—In the sense of kindly, favorably inclined, well-disposed, the adjective *propitious* is used of persons or personifications. However, some adjectives by their nature denote qualities of the spirit or of the character, rather than of the flesh, and as such are not usually applied directly to a living being. *Propitious* is such an adjective. Therefore, tho one might properly speak of a *propitious* deity, or *propitious* Fates, one would use it more fittingly of man by saying, a man of *propitious* nature, spirit, character, disposition, or the like.

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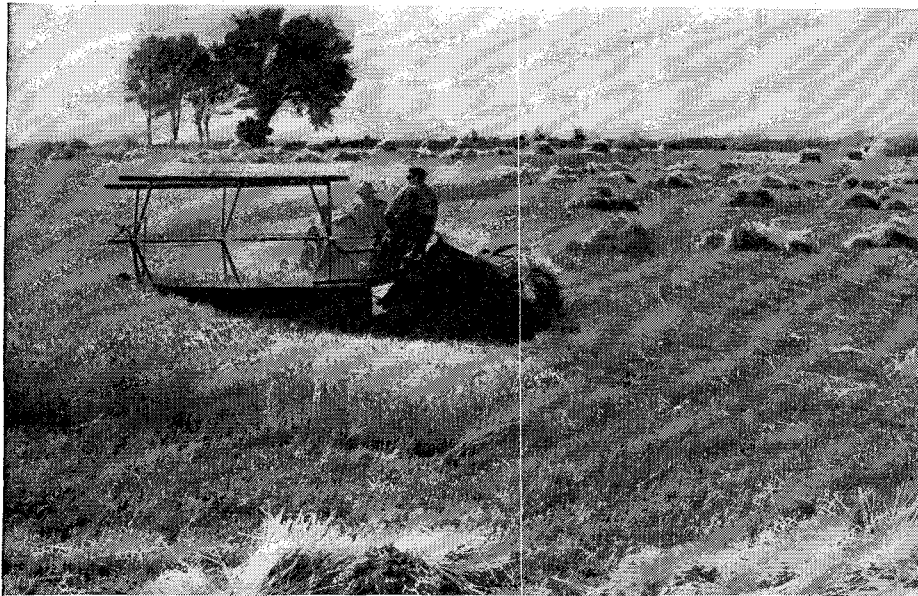
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Dust and Flood: Man-Made Disasters

The Time Has Come to Do Something About Our Land by Reforming Unenlightened Methods of Farming, Warns Professor Sears



Keystone

Unwise attempts to farm the high plains in wheat may have serious consequences for America, warns Dr. Paul Bigelow Sears, who points out that—

A tall, serious young botanist, Dr. Paul Bigelow Sears, of the University of Oklahoma, prophesied last week like Jeremiah, warning of disaster to come.

In the East, floods were roaring down river valleys, destroying towns and cities, and washing away forever thousands of tons of valuable soil. In the West, dust-storms were ravaging the flatlands and prairies, scooping out the precious top layer of fertility and setting deserts on the march.

Both flood and dust-storm were man-made; children of the same folly, declared Professor Sears.

"The dust-storms," he wrote for *Science Service*, "are not simply a matter of unavoidable drought, but a result of the destruction of the living sod. . . .

"The range has been stubbornly overloaded with cattle since the extermination of the great buffalo herds. Wise cattlemen know the danger of this, but the pressure to liquidate their heavy debts often leads them to take a disastrous choice. . . .

Wheat Problem

"Even more serious is . . . the attempt to farm the high plains in wheat, using power machinery. . . .

"The wheat is as a rule unable to gain sufficient foothold during the winter months to protect the soil. Comes spring with its high winds, and the terrific dust-storms arrive."

But what about the destructive floods in the eastern areas of the country? What about them?

"This week," continues Professor Sears, "traveling through the oldest agricultural States of the Union, the writer has scarcely seen a place where the old top layer of soil is left.

"Careless methods of farming have al-

rence of disaster every time there are continued heavy rains."

Last autumn Professor Sears, who is head of the Department of Botany of the University of Oklahoma, published a book "Deserts on the March" (University of Oklahoma Press; \$2.50), in which he presented a compelling theory of land use, and man's obligation to conserve the land.

Last week the book was republished in New York.

Critics who hadn't noticed it earlier were writing enthusiastic reviews. Hendrik Willem van Loon was saying, "I have read no book that has so completely upset all my preconceived notions about what was what."

Mismanagement Penalty

In his book, Professor Sears points out that the entire history of man's tinkering with the land, since the dawn of agriculture, has been one of destruction, mismanagement, and waste. The Mayas lost their civilization because they couldn't manage land. The disastrous floods and famines of China are the result of land mismanagement.

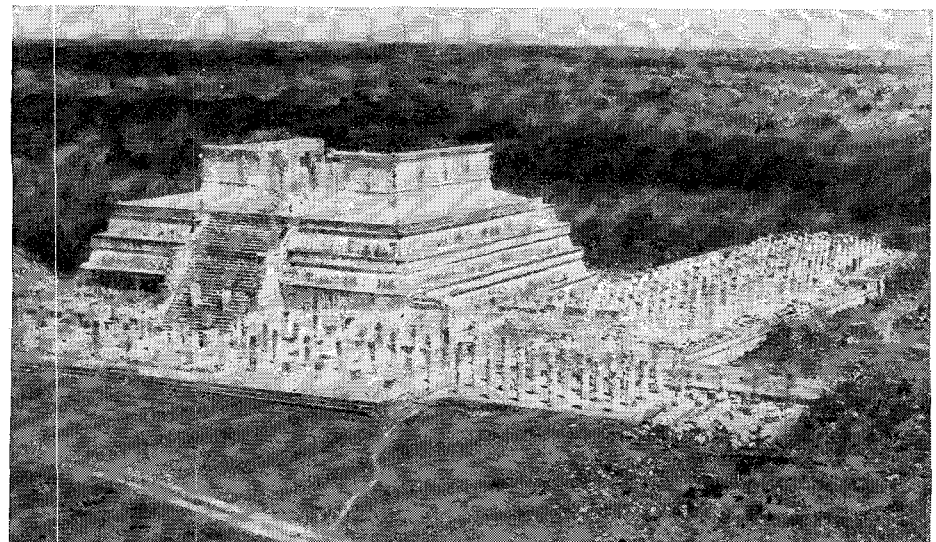
In North America, the land has gone so far toward destruction in 300 years that large portions are already irretrievably lost.

Immediate action is necessary to save the rest, not just digging a few ditches and building some dams, but a strong land-management policy that looks to the future.

Need of Enlightenment

The present users of the land must be enlightened, says Professor Sears, and if necessary, their selfishness and wastefulness must be forcibly curbed.

This Oklahoma botanist is no stranger to land and soil conditions in America. Born in Bucyrus, Ohio, forty-four years ago, he passed a part of his boyhood on a farm, then studied botany at the Universities of Nebraska and Chicago. In the last fifteen years he has traveled over most of the continent, studying the climate and plants of the present and past.



Keystone

—the Mayas lost their civilization because they could not manage land; the picture shows all that remains of the Maya temple in Yucatan

Rebuilder of Bones

"Miracles" Performed by Grafting With Living Portions

During the War a stocky, energetic American surgeon sprang into international fame because he could mend a broken leg that had refused to heal, fasten together a fractured elbow, and perform "miracles" of bone surgery that saved the limbs and lives of many a wounded soldier.

After the War, he performed more than 2,000 operations, restoring the function of limbs to soldiers; giving them back the use of feet, hands, legs, hips, and arms where nature had failed.

He was Dr. Fred Houdlett Albee, to-day one of the foremost bone surgeons in the world. Last week Doctor Albee revealed, in the April *Scientific American*, how these miracles are performed.

The chief secret is to be a good mechanic; a combination of expert cabinetmaker, metal worker and prestidigitator. The difference is that these other experts work with inert materials. Doctor Albee and his colleagues work with living bone.

Like Cabinetmaker

Like a cabinetmaker, however, the surgeon first decides on the nature of the necessary repair. If it is a broken thigh-bone that has refused to mend, it may be that a splicing piece must be inserted between the broken ends. This piece will be taken from the living bone of the shin, joined into the broken thigh-bone ends with the accuracy of a mosaic, and fastened there.

The remaining section of shin-bone will soon regenerate the bone taken from it. Meanwhile, the new piece in the thigh will grow, knit up the parts of the old bone, and if the operation is successful, will finally produce a thigh as good as ever.

Of course, all this must be done with the cooperation of nature.

Mysterious Processes

"The graft, having been applied in a way most likely to favor union with the host, is influenced by those mysterious processes by which the graft remakes its structure, alters its shape, and takes on added volume and strength, in order to accommodate itself to the demands of its new environment," says Doctor Albee.

"... A graft of the general size of a lead pencil, and of any shaped cross-section, when implanted to take the place of a portion of the thigh-bone, will take on the characteristics of the thigh-bone shaft in every respect; that is, as to strength, size, and shape of cross-section, external contour, and internal structure—it will even develop a marrow cavity."

When he began this work, Doctor Albee first studied the principles of plant grafting; a process in which a living bud from one plant is made to grow from the stem of another. The principles of plant grafting, he decided, were fundamental to the transplantation of any kind of living tissues, including bone.

"There are three inviolable rules in plant grafting," he relates. "The tissues must



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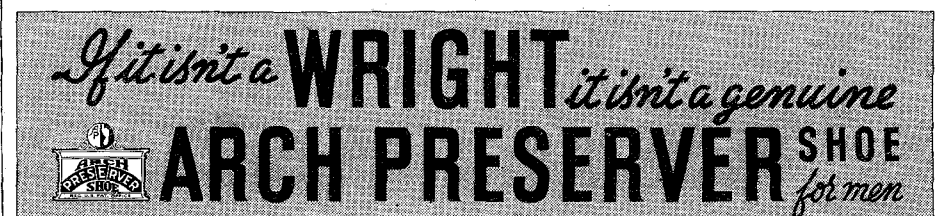
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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

be applied like to like, the contact must be most intimate, and they must be immobilized in that position.

"These principles are important in bone-grafting. Moreover, in the more highly specialized animal tissue, it is desirable, if not essential, that the graft be autogenous; that is, come from the same individual. . ."

Precision Tools

In addition, the surgeon, tho Doctor Albee does not say so, must be uncannily skilful, and he finds electrically-driven precision tools of great value. Doctor Albee has designed a set of such tools, which he refers to as a "bone mill." It can be thoroughly and easily sterilized, and will almost instantly cut bone into any kind of shape for use in this hurried, living "carpentry."

"To perform work like this the surgeon must possess the mechanic's sure instincts for close, accurate work," wrote the editor of *The Scientific American*, after witnessing a bone operation on a tubercular knee joint.

"With such speed that it seemed like opening a 'zipper,' he related, 'the joint was completely exposed and the damaged bone sawed away from the under side of the knee-cap and the joint itself.

"Loss of articulation then made necessary the rigid union of the upper and lower parts of the leg, and, to accomplish this, two bone dowels were inserted, reaching through the top of the tibia and into the bottom of the femur.

Twist Drills Used

"First the necessary holes were quickly made by means of twist drills—the patient, under total anesthesia, being entirely unaware of the . . . proceeding. Next, the two dowels had to be obtained and shaped.

"The shin-bone was quickly exposed. . . . With the bone mill a pencil of bone about a half-inch square and eight inches long was quickly removed and cut in two. These pieces were rapidly fed into the bone mill, emerging as two neat, round dowels, which were then driven into the prepared holes.

"With no delay whatever the knee and leg were next flooded with antiseptic and closed.

"The outstanding impression left by this spectacle was the speed and certainty with which skilled hands performed it."

By such methods, Doctor Albee reported, successful results have been obtained in cases where as many as fourteen other operations failed.

New Surgeon General

With a quiet declaration that "the greatest need for health action is where the greatest saving of life and suffering can be made," a blunt, fighting physician last week was packing up his belongings at Albany, New York.

His next move will be to Washington, where in April he expects to take on one of the biggest and toughest health assignments in the country: the post of Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service.

Ever since Dr. Hugh Smith Cumming

retired from the position last January 31, the appointment of Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., as his successor has been expected.

Last week President Roosevelt sent Doctor Parran's name to the Senate for confirmation.

Doctor Parran, a personal friend of President Roosevelt and New York State's Commissioner of Health, will go to Washington prepared to tackle some resilient ogres of disease that have hitherto escaped adequate treatment.

Six-Point Program

Science Service reports that Doctor Parran has drawn up this six-point program:

"1. To finish the job of wiping out tuberculosis.

"2. To wipe out . . . syphilis, the end results of which 'crowd our jails, our poor-houses and our insane asylums.'

"3. To make available to people everywhere facilities for the proper diagnosis and treatment of cancer. . . .

"4. To reduce the 'disgracefully high' death rates of mothers in childbirth and babies in the first month of their lives.

"5. To correct the conditions resulting from improper diet.

"6. To restore crippled children to lives of usefulness."

Young for Post

Doctor Parran will be one of the youngest men ever to serve as Surgeon General. He is forty-four. Maryland-born, he has a soft, Southern manner, and the reputation of a fighter.

His special field is syphilis.

He is the foremost authority in the country on the public health aspects of this malady. He believes it can be wiped out in a few years if people will only cease thinking of it as an unmentionable disease, and consider it for what it rightly is: a public menace more disastrous than most of the epidemics that make big, black headlines and stir the nation to methods of prevention and control.



Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr.: "A soft Southern manner, and the reputation of a fighter"

Press**Radio Priest as Editor****Social Justice Founded to Spread Philosophy of Father Coughlin**

Not content with speaking over the air to an estimated 10,000,000 listeners every Sunday, Father Charles E. Coughlin, of Royal Oak, Michigan, has begun publication of a weekly newspaper.

The first issue of *Social Justice*, a sixteen-page tabloid, barren of all advertising, looks more like a church weekly than a newspaper which, at birth, "will go into the homes of more than 500,000 persons."

In two boxes flanking the masthead, are emblazoned the mottoes of the National Union for Social Justice: "No recovery without monetary reform" and "Production for use at a fair profit."

Its Policy

Social Justice, says the lead editorial, will appeal to citizens "dissatisfied with the sham politics and sham policies existing in America, but anxious for a cleansing of both political Parties. Thus, the reason for the existence of this newspaper becomes evident.

"Its pages will attempt to present the philosophy of social justice and, at the same time, to serve as an agent whose business it will be to maintain harmony of thought within the . . . National Union."

Tho Father Coughlin is listed as Editor-in-Chief, E. Perrin Schwartz, formerly feature writer and Sunday Editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, manages the paper.

In a basement room of the new \$750,000 Shrine of the Little Flower, Mr. Schwartz edits and writes copy with the assistance of two men, one woman, and members of Father Coughlin's secretarial staff. The printing is done in Chicago, and make-up changes are phoned via long distance.

After working on newspapers throughout the Middle West, Mr. Schwartz says Father Coughlin is the best boss he ever had. He expects to build the circulation of *Social Justice* to a million by June 1.

Broadside Attacks

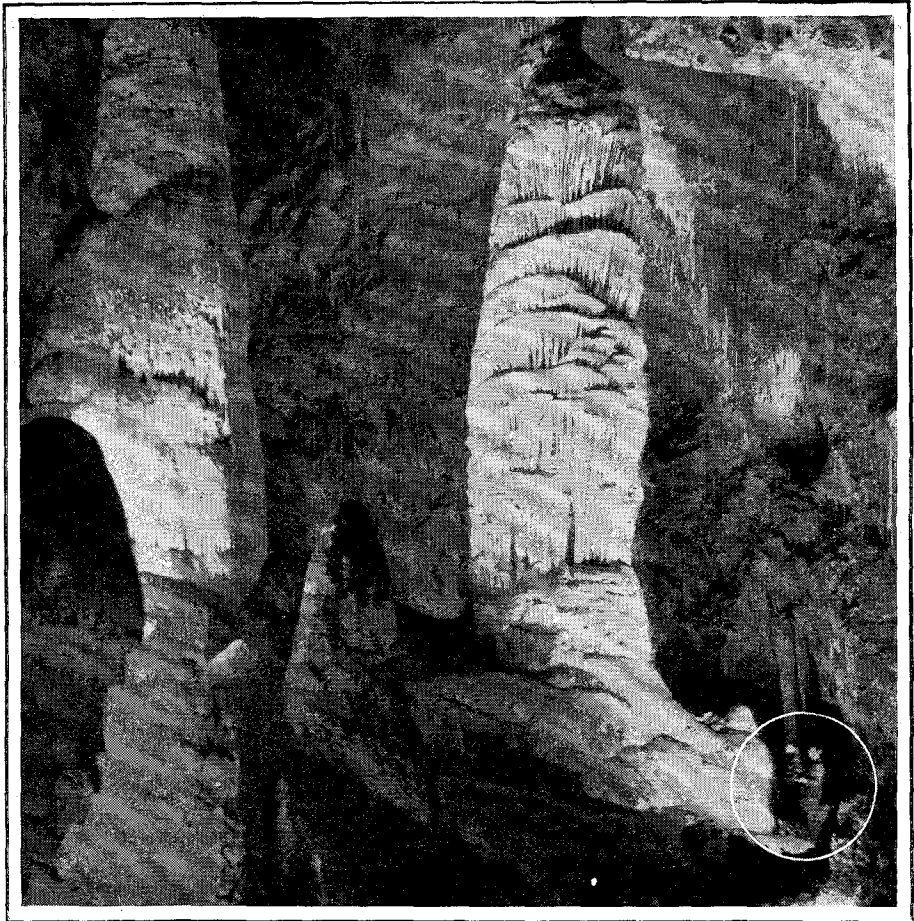
Scattered through the paper are broadside attacks on "international money-changers" and Republicans, with more tempered rebuke for President Roosevelt and the New Dealers.

A cartoon shows the Liberty League, looking very much like J. P. Morgan, jiggling a top-hatted Al Smith puppet on his knee. Below lies a discarded derby.

A double-page spread contains "Father Coughlin's Sunday Radio Talk." On another page the Frazier-Lemke Farm Relief Bill is explained and espoused; and a section is devoted to clarifying "the mystery of money." This mystery, the journal declares, is "deliberate," because "the international bankers and their economists do not want the people to be informed."

Sample comments and headlines:

Washington news: "The time has come for the New Deal to 'pay the fiddler,' and it is amusing to watch the juvenile antics

**Wonderland**

Nature labored 60,000,000 years to build it

In all America there is no more profound emotional experience than the three-hour trip through Carlsbad Caverns.

It was not so in 1901 when Jim White discovered the caverns, bravely explored them with lamps and candles, first saw the immense rooms and formations that Nature had labored 60,000,000 years to build. Fear lurked in the caverns then. But the National Park Service built neat trails, installed powerful indirect lights so skilfully that Carlsbad Caverns were transformed into a fantastic wonderland.

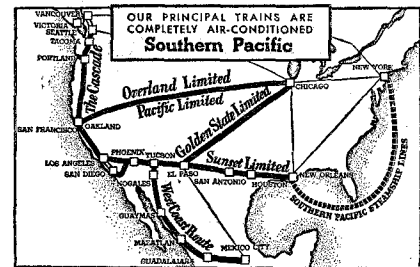
Now, accompanied by ranger guides, your party enters the caverns on an easy zigzag trail. The guides switch on the lights ahead as the party progresses, revealing sheets of rose-colored stone, Niagaras of glowing rock, stalagmites* as big as buildings (note size of people circled in photograph above), alabaster icicles, crystal pools, fluted pillars that vanish into lofty darkness. Awed by the impenetrable stillness, visitors invariably speak in whispers.

Underground drama

At the gigantic Rock of Ages, everybody sits down and the lights are all turned off. Out of the darkness comes the sound of rangers' voices singing softly. Then one by one the lights are turned on until the caverns are illuminated and the singing ends. No cathedral services are more impressive than this climax of your trip through Carlsbad Caverns.

*Stalagmites rise from the floor, stalactites hang from the ceiling. Less common are irregular, spiral formations called helictites.

The Carlsbad Caverns tour starts from the colorful border city of El Paso, on the main line of Southern Pacific's luxurious, air-conditioned *Golden State Limited* (Chicago-California) and *Sunset Limited* (New Orleans-California). A comfortable, streamlined stage takes you to the caverns, waits while you go through and brings you back, all in a single day. Stage fare, \$8 roundtrip. Entrance fee, \$1.50. Luncheon in the Big Room, 60¢. Elevator fare from Big Room to surface, 50¢.



Sunset Limited and *Golden State Limited* are standard bearers on the southern two of Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes (see map above). Many a shrewd traveler uses these routes to go one way, return another, see twice as much. All principal Southern Pacific trains are completely air-conditioned.

Write Mr. Bartlett

For a booklet about Carlsbad Caverns and for any information about a trip west or to Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-41, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

Southern Pacific

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ONLY \$129 IN BEST CLASS ON FINE SHIPS!

You can sail in cozy, comfortable surroundings in the popular *Pres. Harding* and *Pres. Roosevelt* for only \$129 Cabin Class, best aboard. Enjoy bright, cheery, up-to-the-minute accommodations. Meet pleasant companions. Have a really carefree, informal voyage. Only \$144 with shower. Get further details about these fine liners before you make any bookings. Together with famous *Washington* and *Manhattan* (\$172 Cabin Class), they sail weekly to Ireland, England, France and Germany. Also ask about "American One Class" liners fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool, weekly direct to London. \$100 one way.

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BOOK MANUSCRIPTS

Wanted—All subjects, for immediate publication. Booklet sent free.

MEADOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
470-S Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

HOW A MAN OF 50 CAN WIN BETTER HEALTH

● SOON after you mail the coupon below you will receive a free copy of "Almost Anybody Can Be Well", written by one of America's famous authors for the American Magazine. It tells how a now internationally-known clinic was started at Preston, near Hamilton, Ontario . . . how hundreds "half-sick and half-well" have gone through its front door, to come out soon after with renewed health.

Send for this free article. Find out about the place where so many famous men and women have found new health and strength, new joy in living. A pleasant resort with hills and gardens, golf and river sports . . . a clinic free from fads, where complete diagnosis, plus a pleasant room and fine food, add up to but little more than other good hotels charge for board alone.

All you risk is a stamp. You will be subjected to no personal solicitation.

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Preston Springs, Dept. B-3
Preston, Ont., Canada.

Without obligation send me free copy of "Almost Anybody Can Be Well."

Name _____

Address _____

Almost
anybody
can be well

of statesmen in Washington getting ready to 'face the music.'"

Financial news: "Bond Issue Oversubscribed as Government Borrows Billion."

Politics: "Is Social Justice 'in politics'? When Christ drove the money-changers from the Temple, was the Son of God also 'interfering in politics'?"

Freedom of speech: "While not agreeing with one comma in the book of communistic philosophy, the National Union applauds the Columbia Broadcasting System for permitting Mr. Browder to display his wares—political, moral, and (ir)religious."

Literature: "Sinclair Lewis's 'It Can't Happen Here' paints a fantastic picture of America under a dictator. Like every other topic his pen has touched, it drips . . . cynical disbelief in elemental human moral values."

Public Ledger's Centenary

Citizens of Philadelphia, on March 25, 1836, were amazed to see a newspaper being hawked for one cent by shrill-voiced newsboys. Curious, they bought the first issue of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

The front page had two columns of advertisements. Gibbons and Bell, at 176 Market Street, advertised "100 packages of Dry Goods, received by recent arrivals." J. P. Warwick, merchant tailor, respectfully informed the public that he had removed from his old stand. The United States Beaver & Silk Hat & Cap Warehouse and the Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory had sales.

R. C. W. wrote a poem on "The Birth of Venus," and a two-column story discussed "The Poet Burns." Inside the paper were tasty bits of gossip, reported from the Mayor's office.

Centennial Now

Last week, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, now 100 years old, and merged with the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, celebrated its birthday. With each copy of the March 25 *Inquirer* a reproduction of the first penny *Public Ledger* was given away.

With Boston and New York, Philadelphia was the home of early American journalism.

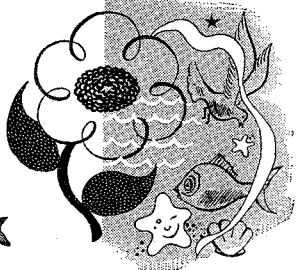
Benjamin Harris, owner of the "Coffee, Tea, and Chucaletto" Shop in Boston, published America's first newspaper, *Publick Occurances*, in 1690. His purpose was to furnish the country, once a month, with an account of "such considerable things as have arrived unto our notice."

The Boston *News-Letter* appeared in 1704, followed by *The American Weekly Mercury*, in Philadelphia, in 1719.

Gradually, more papers were added to the growing list:

The Boston *Gazette*, *The New England Courant*, the New York *Gazette*, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*.

Benjamin Franklin started his career writing essays under the name of *Silence Dogood* for *The New England Courant*, which was owned by his brother James. Later, he became Editor and Publisher of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, becoming the best newspaper man in the Colonies.



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NATURE and Neptune will try to outdo us in playing host, but our chef is more than a match for them. The health baths, sunny Ocean Decks, seaside lounges, concerts and varied amusements will help make the pleasantest moments those spent within these beachfront hotels.

\$7.50 up at Chalfonte, \$8 up at Haddon Hall, single, American Plan. \$5 up at Haddon Hall, single, European Plan. Special weekly rates.

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This useful little directory contains a wealth of information about products and services for the home, family and business. Gives the latest news about household equipment, books and educational courses currently advertised in *The Digest*, and lists names and addresses of manufacturers who feature literature, trial offers, etc. Write for a copy of "WHAT TO BUY." It will help you spend with knowledge and save you time and money.

The Literary Digest

Dept. U, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Please send me a free copy of "WHAT TO BUY."

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Address _____

Labor**New Labor Act Ruling****U. S. Judge at Chicago Holds Law Creating Board Invalid**

The National Labor Relations Board, set up by Congress to adjust relations between workmen and employers, has led a checkered career in the Federal courts.

In Kansas City last December, U. S. District Judge Merrill E. Otis enjoined the Board from interfering with the labor management of a flour mill. A few weeks ago, however, Federal District Judge William Bordy, of New York, upheld the right of the Board to conduct hearings.

Still a third judge, last week, knocked the props from under the Board, by declaring the Wagner Act, which gave it birth, unconstitutional.

The Board has ordered the Bendix Products Corporation, of South Bend, Indiana, to determine by vote of its 3,500 employees whether the International Automobile Workers or the Bendix Employees' Association, a "company union," should represent them in collective bargaining.

The corporation asked an injunction to prevent the balloting. John P. Barnes, well-read, distinguished-looking Judge of the Federal District Court at Chicago, granted the request.

"The National Labor Relations Act," he said, "if it be so construed as to warrant interference with and control of . . . relations with employees, can not be sustained as valid legislation under the commerce clause [of the Constitution], and is in violation of the Tenth Amendment."

Bargaining Right

In effect, the judge concluded, the act would deprive the employer of the right to bargain at all with employees.

Newspapers split sharply on his decision. "Again the Wagner Act loses," observed the New York *Herald Tribune*, adding that this "will surprise no one with any knowledge of the Act itself or its record in the Federal Courts."

But the New York *Daily News* found all this talk about the Constitution "fantastic." "Washington, Hamilton, and the Framing Fathers," it remarked, "never heard of labor unions. How could they have put anything about them in the Constitution?"

More important, *The Daily News* believed, was the tendency of minor Federal Courts to "veto acts of Congress approved by the President." "The Courts seem to think curtailing of their authority is impossible," concluded *The Daily News*. "That is what they think."

Judge Barnes has punched holes in other New Deal legislation. In January, 1934, he ruled the AAA unconstitutional; in August, 1934, he held that the NRA could not regulate interstate commerce; in November, 1934, he decreed an AAA licensing agreement invalid in Chicago; in January, 1936, he found the Guffey Coal Act unconstitutional; and two weeks later ordered AAA processing taxes returned to packers and millers.

About some things we don't claim for SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

This playground could only claim perfection, we think, if it could borrow from other states things missing here: New England's cozy little landscapes and long summer twilights . . . the Old South's charming stateliness . . . the vastness of the central plains . . . the Northwest's inland waters and rushing rivers . . .

But Southern California has no aspirations to perfection. We make no claim to match these joys, nor do we regret them, for it's in this Southland's very difference that lies our promise of the fun you want, the change you need.

These We Do Have

One day you'll cruise to a pleasure-isle, racing flying fish on the way. Another, aquaplane on a mile-high lake; or bask on a sandy beach; or motor through orange groves and vineyards. Any day, choose your favorite sport . . . golf, tennis, riding, fishing, swimming, sailing . . . just name it—it's here.

Hollywood, city of make-believe and mecca of world celebrities, is like no other place in the world. Distinctive too are Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona and other story cities—and even the industries, like orange raising, oil drilling and movie making—of Los Angeles County and pleasure lands surrounding it. An-

cient Missions, palms, eucalyptus, pepper, jacaranda and other trees, native flowers and nearby Mexico lend an atmosphere as foreign as Old Spain's.

2 Weeks Vacation Is Ample

Summer days are clear and rainless; light wraps in order when you set out for theater or night club, movie premiere or "Symphonies Under the Stars."

Southern California is just overnight, even from New York, by plane; 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage, 2 weeks by boat via Panama. Costs here, because it's a year 'round playground, are 18% under the U. S. average, half the "peak prices" of many short-season resorts.

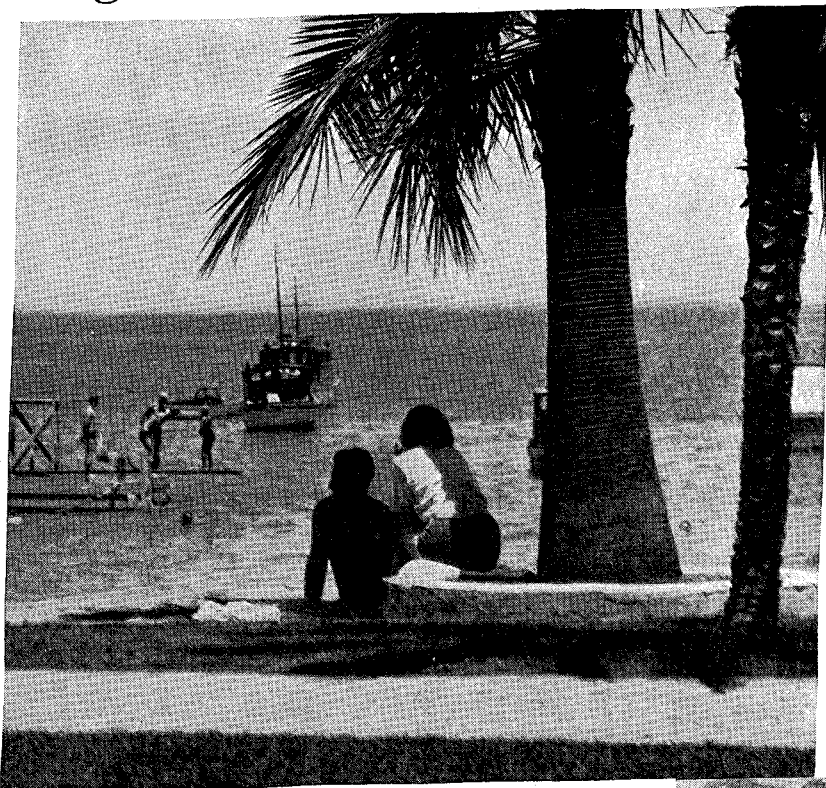
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This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc. . . authentic facts available only through this non-profit, community organization. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail.

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Send me free book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus, ☐ steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked: ☐ Los Angeles, ☐ Santa Barbara, ☐ Orange, ☐ Riverside, ☐ Inyo, ☐ San Diego, ☐ Ventura, ☐ San Bernardino, ☐ Kern, ☐ Imperial.

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POPULAR MECHANICS

Persons and Personalities

Gifford: Ruler of A. T. & T. Domain

Beginning Life by Chasing Butterflies, He Turned to Collecting Ideas, and Became President of Two-Billion-Dollar Company

Over the meadows and the salt marshes of old Salem, Massachusetts, some forty years ago, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy spent happy hours hunting butterflies.

Adept at the sport—which he loved because of the freedom and because he could play it alone—Walter S. Gifford, who recently has been appearing before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, followed it thoroughly.

For he was not content with catching the bright-hued insects. They had to be mounted, classified. Their Latin names and the histories of the various species he memorized. He wanted only the best and the rarest specimens.

Young Gifford's collection was something of which to be proud. It was the epitome of the boy, just as his subsequent attainments are the epitome of the man.

Born in Salem, January 10, 1885, he was graduated from High School when only fifteen. At sixteen he was in Harvard.

Not fitted for competitive rough-and-tumble sports, but a love of books, he completed the course there in three years.

He was a wretched mathematician, but engineering appealed to him. It was a glamorous career which would take him to far corners of the world.

Missent Letters

A career as engineer, however, was not to be. His parents were in moderate circumstances. Immediate employment was necessary. The General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric Company were looking for bright young men. Here was a chance. Walter Gifford wrote two letters of application and mailed them—in the wrong envelopes.

When he discovered his mistake—one of the few he has made—he thought he had ruined his chances. Western Electric, however, then (in 1904) expanding rapidly to supply the steadily increasing demand for telephone equipment, took him on in the pay-roll department at \$10 a week. A fine job for a lad who loathed mathematics.

Still, with the thoroughness with which he had collected butterflies, he studied figures and suddenly found himself a mathematician, and was promoted to the position of Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

In 1908, Theodore N. Vail heard of him, and kidnaped him to be statistician in the Boston office of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

The year 1916 found him in an important job in the A. T. & T. head office in New York. A short while later, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker chose him to be assistant director of the National Defense Council. In 1918 he went to France with Edward R. Stettinius, Morgan partner, to help organize the Interallied Munitions Council.

On his return Gifford was made Comp-

troller of A. T. & T. By the end of the same year he had won himself the position of Executive Vice-President. In 1925, when only forty, he was elected President—with responsibility for the management of the largest private business concern in the world. He is one of the youngest men ever to have held so important a position. The assets of the company at the time were \$2,000,000,000.

Prefers Suggestion

Genial, friendly, and considerate, he at once began to make his influence felt. Gifford prefers suggestions to orders.

Monarch of a mighty domain, to-day at fifty he is a stocky blond man with a clipped stubby mustache and thinning hair which recedes from a high forehead. His hobby, nowadays, is idea-hunting.

He likes horseback-riding and, true Salemite, he loves to sail a boat. Flowers interest him and he finds pleasure in growing them on his little farm in the Westchester hills, forty miles from New York, but more than nine from a rail station.

Sometimes he plays a little golf. Occasionally he handles a target-rifle. But his main interests outside business are education and charity. He has written several magazine articles.

With little time to read, he is still an omnivorous reader—history, biography, economics.

He no longer collects butterflies, but his two sons do.



Keystone

Walter S. Gifford, President of A. T. & T. and mathematician in spite of himself

Soft-Spoken Dictator

President Vargas Puts Brazil Under Martial Law

Italy has her Mussolini; Germany her Hitler; Brazil has her Getulio Vargas.

Seventeenth President of that country, Vargas seized the reins of government back in the revolution of 1930 which ousted President Washington Luis Pereira de Sousa. For nearly four years he ruled as Dictator. July 16, 1934, the country returned to Constitutional Government. Vargas was made President. But, tho President in name, he is still virtually dictator.

Last week, following his statement that there had been "a grave recrudescence of subversive activities," he declared martial law for ninety days.

Unlike the fiery Hitler and the bellicose Mussolini, Doctor Vargas is a mild-appearing, soft-spoken, gentle little man. Conciliatory of manner, quick to forgive and forget, he can, when occasion arises, be as hard as nails.

Son of a General in the Federal army, Doctor Vargas was born on a farm at Sao Borja, Rio Grande do Sul, on April 19, 1882. He was scheduled to become a soldier, and attended a military school from which he was graduated with distinction in 1900. But the Army did not appeal to him. He took up law.

Student Editor

While a student he founded the political newspaper *O Debate*. This marked his entry into the political life of his country.

Appointed a District Attorney, he resigned to practise law. Elected a Deputy to the States Assembly in 1909, he again resigned to practise law. But in 1919 he was once more back in the Assembly, served the full term, and was reelected.

In 1926, when Washington Luis assumed the Presidency, he made Vargas Finance Minister. Two years later Vargas resigned to become President of Rio Grande do Sul for the five-year (1928-33) term.

It was at this stage of his career that his political shrewdness was first brought home to the rest of the country. His native State had for many years been the battle-ground of opposing political factions. To these he came as a peacemaker, successfully aligning the political Parties.

He is a genial middle-aged man with dark eyes in a pale, smooth-shaven face. His eyes, like his bushy eyebrows, are dark and flashing. His grayish hair is thinning. His mouth is wide, the chin firm.

He is considered to be the smartest politician in South America. Of all those who rose to power in Brazil in 1930 he is the only one still holding office.

Of simple tastes, he lists his hobbies as walking and the movies. Sometimes he has private film showings at his home. More often, with a friend or two, he attends a cinema house. He scorns a bodyguard.

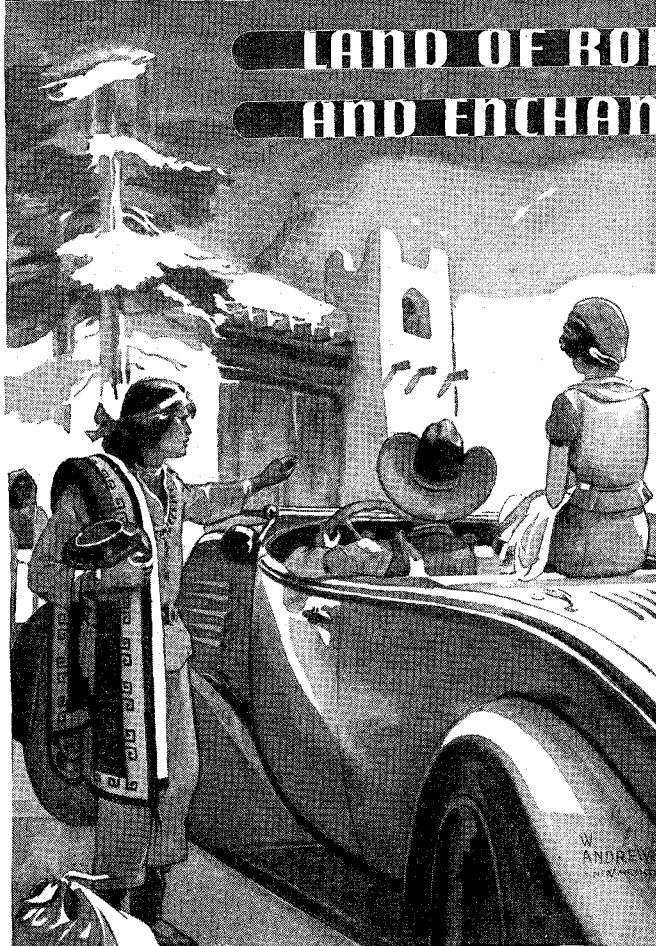
Unusually close-mouthed, he has been likened to Coolidge. Diplomatically he has few equals. When he wants to get rid of some annoying Minister he appoints him to an office where the irritating one is soon eliminated by getting into disputes.

Vacation this year in

NEW MEXICO

LAND OF ROMANCE

AND ENCHANTMENT



NEW MEXICO witnessed the beginning of Heroic Romance in America. It came with Coronado and it followed the wagon trains which rolled westward over the Santa Fe Trail. It clung about Kit Carson and those other heroes who won the West; and it lingers today for thousands of people who follow the old trails and relive for a time in fancy the lives of the Conquistadores and the Pioneers.

There are tremendous thrills in watching the earliest pages of American history come to life as you follow the trails of Coronado and his captains. Eighty years before the Pilgrims glimpsed the Atlantic coast, Coronado was exploring under the turquoise skies of what is today New Mexico.

Even before Coronado, long before, a race of people lived in communal villages scattered over our great mesas and in our cool green canyons. Pueblo Bonito, most ancient ruin in North America, was a thriving city about the time of the Battle of Hastings in 1066. Frijoles and Puye, nestling against their towering cliffs, are mute relics of an early day.

At El Morro the great Onate in 1606 carved a record of his expedition, and scores of other brave Spanish gentlemen added their names in later years. More than a dozen Mission churches built a hundred and fifty years before any others north of the Rio Grande, wait to charm you with their quaint antiquity.

The fascinating and picturesque Indian life of the Southwest goes on in New Mexico little changed since Coronado's day. You will see colorful native costumes, and you may drop into a *pueblo* to glimpse a primitive ceremonial dance in prayer for rain or thanks for harvest.

There is the Old West, too, which today makes its last stand in New Mexico, and the romantic flavor of a Spanish culture that lingers on in speech and custom.

New Mexico's glorious summer climate and gorgeous landscapes make the perfect background for this Vacation Different. Days are bright with sunshine, nights crisply cool with mountain breezes and high altitudes. A two weeks' vacation gives you time to visit New Mexico.

This free booklet will bring you the complete story in word and picture. Send for it today—start planning NOW!

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Ti for Two

Beauteous Hawaiian Islanders, fun-loving, derive great pleasure from sliding on ti leaves down grassy slopes. Ti leaves, large and handy, are natural coasters, needing nothing but a grassy hill.

As much fun as ti-leaf chuting, in Islanders' opinion, is drinking DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Only DOLE-grown pineapples are pressed for juice. Needing nothing, nothing is added to DOLE Pineapple Juice, natural and unsweetened. Swiftly vacuum-packed by the exclusive DOLE Fast-Seal System, the refreshing, tropical flavor of fresh pineapple is retained for your perfect enjoyment in high degree in DOLE Pineapple Juice.

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Sport and Sportsmen

Winner at Aintree

Reynoldstown Repeats Victory of 1935 in Grand National

Frank Furlong pulled a Frank Merriwell climax when he rode his father's jumper, Reynoldstown, to victory in last year's Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England. The horse was a 22-1 shot.

For his 1935 triumph, Reynoldstown was forced to carry 170 pounds this year, but because Frank Furlong had grown fatter, Reynoldstown went to the post at Aintree last week under a jockey named Walwyn. Only two horses ever had won twice in succession over the Aintree course, the last being The Colonel in 1869 and 1870.

The bookies laid 10 to 1 against Reynoldstown's chances of becoming the third horse to win two straight victories at Aintree. Frank and his father, Maj. Noel Furlong, took the odds, but their horse was third betting favorite at post time. Avenger was first at 100 to 30, Golden Miller, 1934 winner, second at 11 to 4.

Groans—and Groans

More than 200,000 spectators jammed the course which annually takes on a Pickwickian atmosphere. Last year they groaned when Golden Miller, a preposterously short favorite at 2 to 1, pitched his rider at the tenth jump. Last week they groaned again when the Miller fell at the first fence. They groaned even harder when Avenger broke his neck the first time around and was killed.

More groans went up when Davy Jones, hard-luck horse of the race, leading Reynoldstown near the finish, ran out when one of his reins broke.

Two who didn't groan were Major Furlong and his son, who beat each other's backs as Reynoldstown did what no other horse had done at Aintree since 1870. His time for the four miles, 856 yards, was 9:37. The record was made in 1934 when Golden Miller won in 9:20 2/5. Reynoldstown won going away by twelve lengths from Ego, a 50 to 1 shot. Bachelor Prince, at 66 to 1, was third. Pete Bostwick, famous American amateur rider, was seventh on Castle Irwell. Only seven horses actually finished the race of a field of thirty-five.

Americans Enriched

Reynoldstown's victory poured money into the pockets of Americans who held sweepstakes tickets on him. According to the United Press, Americans won more than one-third of the total prize-fund of \$7,268,770. The American share was \$2,817,770.

Before the advent of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes, the Grand National meant nothing to most Americans.

"A generation of Americans," Frank Graham wrote in the New York Sun last week, "is growing up in the belief that the Grand National is run at Aintree every year just so an unemployed pants-presser in the Bronx may be told that he has won \$150,000 or that a coal-miner in Pennsylv-

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vania can stick his head up out of the ground to discover he is richer by \$50,000.

"This is natural because before the sweepstakes were known in the land, the Grand National, so far as Americans were concerned, was just another item in the rush of the news. Few knew when or where it was held and cared less."

Get-Rich-Quick News

So high a respect do metropolitan newspaper editors have for the news-value of the "get-rich-quick" stories connected with sweepstakes on the Grand National that they assign as many reporters as they can to see persons holding winning tickets.

Sweepstakes winnings in America were split in this manner, according to the United Press:

Five holders of tickets on Reynoldstown (worth \$150,000 each): \$750,000.

Four holders of tickets on the second-place Ego (worth \$75,000 each): \$300,000.

Five holders of tickets on third-place Bachelor Prince (worth \$50,000 each): \$250,000.

Three hundred and eleven holders of tickets on other entries (worth \$3,570 each): \$1,110,270.

Four residual prize-winners (worth \$26,000 each): \$104,000.

Six hundred and seven consolation prize-winners (worth \$500 each): \$303,500.

Most irritated of the winners in New York last week was Miss Martha Wellington, who works in the offices of *The New Yorker*, weekly humorous magazine.

The tall brunette, who held a ticket on Reynoldstown, was an exception to other winners who underwent hysterics, shed tears, screamed for joy, and threw throbbing arms around reporters.

Unhappy Winner

Said Miss Wellington to the newspaper men:

"I bought the ticket from the head of our research department. I have no idea what I'll do with the money. No. No plans at all. Winning the money doesn't make me unhappy. Reporters make me unhappy.

"My age is a personal matter and I don't see what business it is of yours, anyway. Whether any members of my family will share with me is very personal and I think this interview might be brought to an end. Right NOW!"

It was.

Few owners of horses entered in the Grand National purchased sweepstakes tickets. To them the big prize is winning the race, which is by all odds the most difficult steeplechase in the world. John Hay Whitney, wealthy American sportsman, has poured more than a million dollars into vain efforts to win at Aintree.

To Major Furlong the race was worth about \$40,000, which brings to approximately \$72,725 the money won at Aintree by the Furlongs in two years. Biggest purse at Aintree was the \$64,625 won by Gregalach, a 100-1 shot, in 1929. More important to the Major than the purse was the fact that his horse will go down in Aintree history as a "great one." Reynoldstown is the seventh horse to win the Grand National twice.



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Meade Scandal Grows Turf-Writers Call for Full Publicity in Case of Jockey

A round-faced, stubby-eared little jockey whose bouncing ride on Broker's Tip won the 1933 Kentucky Derby for Col. E. R. Bradley, has precipitated one of the biggest potential scandals in the history of thoroughbred racing in this country.

On March 9, the Florida Racing Commission barred Don Meade from riding in that State for allegedly having violated the rule which prohibits jockeys from being financially interested in horses other than their own mounts.

Official secrecy kept the specific charges from the public at the time, and, last week, turf-writers all over the country followed Damon Runyon of the New York *American* in calling for full publicity in the case.

Racing Topic

Said Runyon in his widely syndicated column: "The Meade case is the topic of a buzz-buzz-buzzing through the racing land that is growing louder every day. The insinuations are growing broader, and bolder, and gradually taking on the aspect of open charges that the racing authorities, notably the Florida Racing Commission, which canceled Meade's license to ride, will eventually have to answer to save the name of the game.

"You can't blame the poor public from gathering the impression that if a jockey saved up a large sum of money in one winter by betting on mounts other than his own in races in which he was riding, he must have had help. Of course it is possible that, alone and unaided, a jockey could decide the result of a race as far as his own mount was concerned, and it is possible, too, that, alone and unaided, he might guess the winner of a race. But he couldn't do that often enough to win a reputed \$100,000."

Quick Support

Other racing-writers were quick to support Runyon's call for full publicity.

Charles Hatton wrote in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, leading turf newspaper:

"The Meade case is unique in that it has become such a scandal without the public actually knowing anything about it. The fact is that this is the very reason the case has grown to such wide-spread notoriety. The net result is something too big to be whitewashed. This air of mystery is more destructive to public confidence than were the ins and outs of the case stated at the time action was taken."

Last week additional unfavorable publicity plagued Florida racing when authorities launched an investigation of charges that a large gambler had dumped \$6,000 into the machines on a certain horse to show, allegedly to pad to unnatural proportions, the price on the other horses in the race. The horse in question was Move Faster, a hot favorite which finished last in a race at Tropical Park early in the week. Had Move Faster won, he would have paid only fifty-five cents on the dollar to win.

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Nationalization by Mussolini

Dictator Aims at Italian Economic Self-Sufficiency and Keys Corporations to Support Defense, Ready for "Inevitable War"

While Italy celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of the founding of Fascism last week, Premier Benito Mussolini gave a birthday present to the nation.

For thirty-five minutes Il Duce's impassioned tones rang out from a raised platform in the Great Hall of Julius Caesar on Capitoline Hill in Rome. He rose in his now customary uniform of commander-in-chief of the Fascist militia before an audience composed entirely of uniformed Fascisti. He stood in the shadow of a great statue of Rome's early ruler, with the Fascist emblem and the Roman flags beside him.

Applause punctuated his speech and a tremendous ovation greeted its closing. Il Duce smiled and acknowledged the tribute, raising his right hand in the Fascist salute. His words decreed sweeping economic and constitutional changes for the nation.

First and most important, Il Duce would nationalize the great key industries of Italy, girding the country for economic self-sufficiency. Secondly, he would replace the Italian Chamber of Deputies with the Chamber of Fascios and Corporations, wiping out the last traces of parliamentary democratic Government.

With Italy's troops fighting in Ethiopia and the homeland feeling the pressure of economic sanctions, Mussolini foresaw additional trouble in impending European warfare.

Wheel of Destiny

"This plan," he said about the economic changes, "is dominated by one premise—the inevitability that the nation will be called to the trial of war. How and when, no one can say, but the wheel of destiny turns fast."

Mussolini declared the encircling sanctions had not succeeded in breaking Italy's will and would never succeed in doing so.

"Victory kisses our flags," he cried, "and

the territory our soldiers have conquered is consecrated to our country forever."

But sanctions have taught Italy the necessity for economic independence. And the Government, within the Fascist conception of the Corporate State, already controls banking and credit, directs foreign trade, and holds large stock interests in several industries. To complete the State, the Government must completely own and manage the industries that vitally affect, either directly or indirectly, the national defense.

"We are going toward a period," said Il Duce, again referring to war, "during which these industries will not have the time or opportunity to work for private consumption, but will have to work exclusively for the armed forces of the nation."

The Italian dictator did not mention the specific companies that would be swept into State ownership, but experts pointed to such necessary wartime products as munitions, mines and chemicals.

State-Aided Arts

Il Duce did say that agriculture and internal trade would be left alone; that arts and crafts would be aided by the State; that small and medium industries would be left to private initiative, subject to discipline.

Security owners generally interpreted the move as a blow to capitalism. Stock prices crashed seven to forty points on the exchanges in Rome and Milan.

Il Duce, also, gave no hint as to how stockholders, either foreign or domestic, might be compensated for their ownership in Italian corporations.

Mussolini's second step, to abolish the Chamber of Deputies, brought cheers in that assembly. In theory a legislative body, the Chamber has in recent practice merely rubber-stamped the orders of Il Duce and the Fascist Grand Council.

The corporations in Italy stem from parallel syndicates or guilds separately composed of workers or employers. Through successive steps they blossom into the twenty-two corporations of the Fascist State, where workers and employers join for the first time. Each corporation is vertical in organization, containing representatives of all stages of production in its particular category, from raw material to distribution of the finished product.

The corporations are crowned by the National Council of Corporations, the body which, under the new name, is destined to replace the Chamber of Deputies. Mussolini heads each corporation as well as the National Council.

"You will ask me when this profound constitutional transformation is to take place," cried Mussolini. "I reply that the date is not far off, altho it is contingent on a victorious conclusion of the African war and political developments in Europe."



Caricature from L'Oeuvre (Paris)

Mussolini: his decrees sent stocks tumbling

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Revival in Building of Homes

Recovery to Double Its Depression Pace Reflected in Report of American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation

When the sledge-hammer of depression banged down on the United States, many an American family pulled purse-strings tighter, and laid away in the bottom desk-drawer plans for a new house.

The building trades shuddered as they watched the figures tumble. Reports from 257 cities show that, for every 100 families building houses during 1925, the peak year, there were only four in 1934.

No company felt the stunning force of the blow more than did the country's greatest heating and plumbing firm, the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation.

Profits of the company plummeted from twenty millions in 1929 to a deficit of nearly six millions three years later. Then began the long pull from the red.

Brighter Picture

Last week President Clarence M. Woolley, 220 pounds of solid, affable international business man, saw a brighter picture looming. Home building in the same 257 cities more than doubled in 1935, the annual report showed. Profits of the company last year hit \$2,798,000, or twenty-four cents a share on the common stock, compared to eleven cents in 1934.

American Radiator started in 1891 with a merger of three competing companies. Mr. Woolley was Secretary and chief salesman.

The new corporation prospered in good times, and survived the bad. It built a great chain of manufacturing plants from Coast to Coast. Salesmen traveled to Europe, and captured half the radiator market there.

Climax in Policy

Then the company began to absorb other firms, and to manufacture, in addition to heating equipment, valves, fan-blowers, pumps, ventilating apparatus, metal windows, vacuum cleaners, and iron and steel castings.

This policy reached a climax in 1929,

when the firm merged its interests with the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company. Every time an American turns on the heat or draws water from a tap, the chances are fifty-fifty he uses American Radiator or Standard Sanitary equipment.

The latest development of American Radiator is a new type of central system providing radiator heating, ventilation, air cleansing, circulation and humidification, and a summer and winter hot water supply.

To advertise this new system the company is currently showing in Rockefeller Center, New York, what it calls the largest exhibit of tiny room-models ever displayed. They show how ugly basements may be made into attractive usable rooms by remodeling and using modern heating equipment.

The whole history of the firm hinges on the vivid personality of its salesman-chief, Mr. Woolley. Headed for Yale, he was halted when the bad times of 1873 hit his father.

Rises With Company

At fifteen, he became an office boy for a crockery company, and by working twelve hours a day advanced to salesman and finally to General Manager. He saved \$5,000 to start in the cast iron radiator business. The rest of his financial history parallels the story of his company.

Mr. Woolley became President ten years after the firm's founding. In 1924, he celebrated by erecting the great gold-crowned black tower of American Radiator in midtown New York.

To-day the gray-haired, bespectacled executive lives in a gray-stone Italian villa with red-tiled roof on a 222-acre estate in Greenwich, Connecticut. Inside it are good collections of antique furniture and paintings, about which Mr. Woolley likes to talk.

His friends range from Owen D. Young and Eugene Meyer to Mary Garden and Paderewski, and his clubs from the Union League, of New York, to the El Paso, of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

In the summer he and his two sons are likely to travel west to their ranch near Santa Fe, New Mexico, to pass much of their time on horseback.

At seventy-three, Mr. Woolley is a sturdy individualist and a lifelong Republican, yet in 1934 he said of President Roosevelt, "The Administration has performed a miracle."

Insurance Chief Rises

"Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!" suggests Frederick H. Ecker as a general rule for happiness. "I've always enjoyed intensely whatever work I was doing."

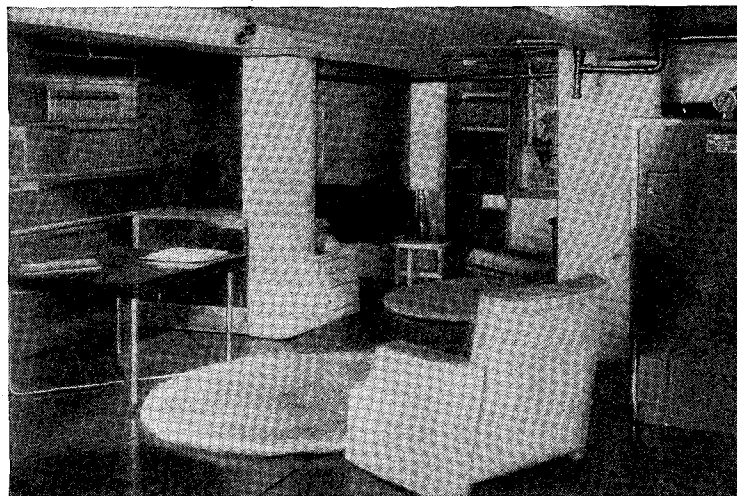
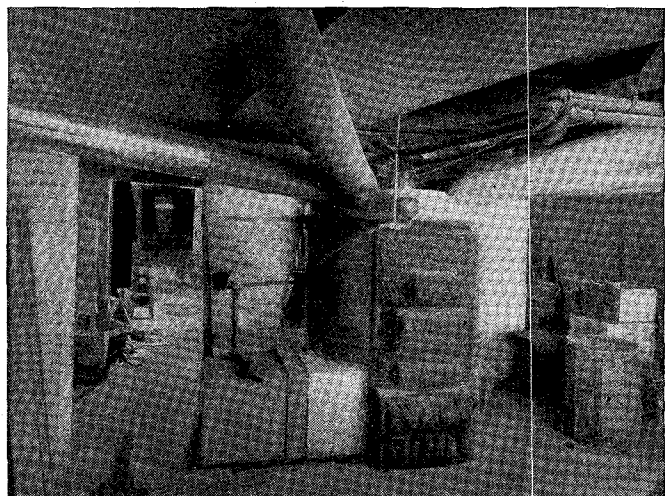
Associates say that Mr. Ecker's career illustrates the opportunity that business offers to young men who get jobs with growing organizations. In 1933 he celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, where he started work as an office boy at a salary of \$4 a week.

At that time Metropolitan's assets amounted to slightly more than \$2,000,000 and it had in force policies for insurance totaling 531,000. Assets now range above \$4,000,000,000 and policies in force total 42,000,000.

Last week Directors of the company elevated Mr. Ecker from President to the newly created office of Chairman. Vice-President Leroy A. Lincoln stepped up to the Presidency and Mr. Ecker's son, Frederick W. Ecker, moved up from Treasurer to Vice-President. The former President, who reaches the retirement age in less than two years, remains the chief executive of the world's largest life insurance company.

Elected President in 1929, practically Mr. Ecker's whole term in this office has fallen within the depression period. Yet the company's financial statement for 1935 showed an increase in assets of \$1,549,326,546, compared with its position at the end of 1928, and a gain in insurance in force of \$3,897,393,574.

A member of the exclusive Blind Brook Club near Greenwich, Connecticut, Mr. Ecker played golf for many years on the United States Senior Golf Team, competing in England and Scotland. Of a little more than medium height and heavily built, he



Drix Duryea Photograph

Before and after: basements can be transformed into livable rooms, with modern heating equipment, as shown in the model (right)

still shoots a round in the high seventies or low eighties.

Leroy A. Lincoln, the new President, was graduated from Yale in 1902 and was admitted to the bar two years later. He became General Attorney for Metropolitan in 1918 and General Counsel in 1927. Last week in a flower-banked office overlooking New York City's Madison Square, he clutched a straight-stemmed pipe and spoke guardedly about his company's rôle in this changing social era.

Metropolitan Life handles life, accident, and health insurance and annuities. Its large force of actuaries will work out the probabilities of special policies with mathematical precision.

Dividends: Boon to Women

While men still dominate the management of big business, women have become increasingly important in ownership.

On the assumption that many women depend on dividend income to a greater degree than men, Frazier Jelke & Co. warns women as well as men investors to keep a watchful eye on the tax proposals now before Congress. President Roosevelt's suggestions, the firm says, would penalize the accumulation of corporation reserves to tide over periods of business depression.

A survey of twenty-seven representative American business corporations by this member firm of the New York Stock Exchange revealed that women own 48 per cent. of some 3,700,000 shares of stock, men 52 per cent. Of 305,833 holders of preferred stock in ten of the companies, 55 per cent. are women and 45 per cent. are men.

In the group under survey, seven industrials, four oils, and six railroads showed more men owners, while women predominated in ten utilities.

Steady Dividends

American Telephone and Telegraph has pleased its owners by continuing its \$9 annual dividend on the common throughout the depression. At the end of 1935, the big utility reported that 378,866 women held about 40 per cent. of the outstanding common shares. In number, they represented 56 per cent. of total stockholders. Men, 34 per cent. in number, held 34 per cent. of the stock, with the remainder divided among trustees, insurance companies, corporations, and brokerage firms.

Considering only men and women stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, 90,645 women owned 3,044,791 shares of preferred and common at the end of last year, with 118,299 men holding 4,067,284 shares.

General Motors divided its men and women stockholders into 53 per cent. male and 47 per cent. female, but women holders of the preferred outnumbered the men almost three to two.

Frazier Jelke & Co. pointed out that, in addition, women are beneficial owners of stock through investments of insurance companies and trustees.

"It becomes evident," the brokerage firm said, "that women will be vitally affected by any modifications in present tax laws that tend to encourage changes in corporate dividend policies."

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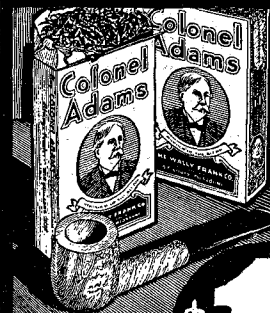
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The Open Forum

Your Mistake, Sir!

Sir:—In the March 21 *DIGEST* I was surprised to see a repetition of that old fiction in which Admiral Dewey is reported to have said to Captain Gridley, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Admiral Dewey denied ever having given such an order. He said he was in command of



The Ostrich

—Patton in the *Dallas Journal*

the fleet at Manila Bay, was responsible for what was done there, that the decision as to when to fire was his, and that he never left that decision to any subordinate officer.
Aurora, Indiana. MARTIN L. DOVE.

[The following quotation is from the "Autobiography of George Dewey": "At 5.40, when we were within a distance of 5,000 yards (two and one-half miles), I turned to Captain Gridley and said: 'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!'"—Editor.]

Poems and Poets

Sir:—I am sorry the "Current Poetry" Editor did not feel my poem "Spring" worthy of a place in the columns.

I read the poems he does print and think some of them very poor indeed.

In fact I've often wondered where their merit lies. Perhaps the authors pay something to have the children of their brains printed.
Orlando, Iowa. MRS. S. J. SINE.

[No fee is ever accepted for the publication of poems in the "Current Poetry" columns. The poems are chosen as a cross-section of published contemporary verse. They are printed to present as wide and varied a selection as possible from the pens of poets above the average.—Editor.]

Tribute to Vermont

Sir:—The article in the March 14 number of your most excellent paper "No Green Mountain Hot Dogs" is appreciated.

It is refreshing to learn that one State has the sense to turn down the proposition of the Government to spend \$18,000,000 to build a road it does not need. More honor to Vermont!
Dublin, Virginia. R. E. WYSOR.

Commission or Omission

Sir:—There are errors of commission and omission which appear in the publication of such articles as appear below copied from your "Topics in Brief" items, January 18, 1936, viz.

"Let's hope that Italy and Japan don't annex every land where the people haven't

sense enough to govern themselves."—*Dayton Journal*.

You would certainly not have been charged with an error of omission if that article had never been reprinted in your valued magazine which is widely read in this country.

The *Daytonian* never stopped to think of credit due the nationally minded individuals who are governing and revising the governing of this vast country. The problems dealt with are such as never come or might come to the governing powers of our own great country in these days. Hankow, China. WALTER G. HOLLIDAY.

Legal Infants

Sir:—Concerning the article in March 7 issue entitled "Legal Infants in Electric Chair," I also am opposed to capital punishment for infants; but why do you quote such men as Ben B. Lindsey, author of the much advertised companionate marriage idea and one time famous Judge of Denver's Juvenile Court? Also the noted criminal lawyer Clarence Darrow, whose attitude as a criminal lawyer and whose business is defending criminals might naturally and psychologically tend against capital punishment.

Is it fair to connect the names of the above-named men with others mentioned in this article?
H. E. GOOKIN,
Cooke, Montana. Justice of the Peace.

Floods and Dams

Sir:—It is high time that the Government took control over dams in this country.

Since it is possible to build dams that will withstand any flood conditions, the avoidable and unnecessary disasters caused by breaking dams should no longer be tolerated.

Hartford, Connecticut. HOMER REID.

Free Expression

Sir:—The freedom of political expression granted in the columns of *THE LITERARY DIGEST* is peculiarly interesting for the reason that it is so rare. As a reader permit me to add one more viewpoint.

In a press interview Howard L. Holmes of St. Louis, Michigan, National Chairman of the Commonwealth Party, remarked: "No, I have never written a novel but the present political conditions strongly tempt me to write a book entitled 'The Great American Jackass,' the average citizen."
Weidman, Michigan. H. O. WARD.

Lansbury

Sir:—In your issue of March 21 the time of the Emergency Peace Campaign meetings at which George Lansbury is to speak is given as April 1 to April 18. This is incorrect.

Mr. Lansbury is scheduled to arrive April 21. He will visit twenty cities between then and May 18.
MARY ELIZABETH MIKHELL,
Philadelphia. Emergency Peace Campaign.

Manchukuo

Sir:—In a recent issue of *THE LITERARY DIGEST* appears an article concerning Outer Mongolia under the caption "Crisis for Race of Genghis Khan." This article contains, among others, the following statements:

"Impatient at such conflict of principle, a Japanese member of the Manchukuoan delegation rose in October and declared:

"If you don't come to terms quickly, we'll march to Urga (the capital) and take things in our own hands."

"The Outer Mongolians were shocked. Finally, on November 26, the negotiations broke down when Outer Mongolia was asked to recognize Manchukuo diplomatically and to receive a permanent military commission."

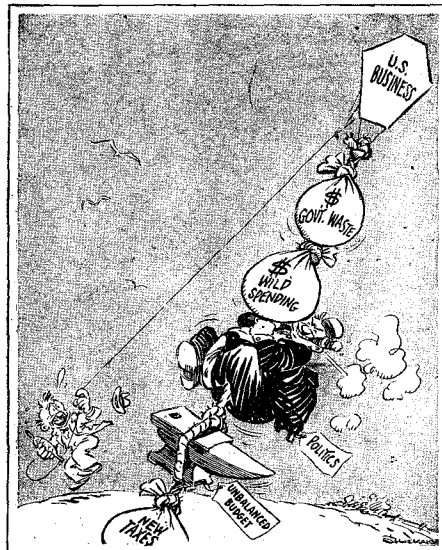
We wish to point out that the above state-

ment entirely misrepresents the position of Manchukuo, as may be seen by referring to the "Statement on the Rupture of Manchouli Conference," issued by this Department on November 26, 1935.

(1) No member of the Manchukuo delegation ever stated, "If you don't come to terms quickly, we'll march to Urga and take things in our own hands."

(2) The Manchukuo delegation never asked that "a permanent military commission" be received by Urga.

(3) The Manchukuo delegation did not force



Going Up in Spite of the Tail

—Shoemaker in the *Chicago Daily News*

"diplomatic recognition" upon Outer Mongolia.

As explained clearly in this Government's statement referred to above, what Manchukuo seeks is to have Outer Mongolia open her doors, which are at present completely closed to the outside world with the exception of Soviet Russia (even to China, which has sovereignty over Outer Mongolia, as stipulated by the treaty of 1924 between the U.S.S.R. and China) with the view to establishing normal neighborly relations. S. KANKI,

Member of the Manchukuo Delegation to the Manchouli Conference.
Department of Foreign Affairs,
Hsinking, Manchukuo.

Criticism

Sir:—"Criticism is the weapon of the incompetent, it enables them to be jealous without feeling embarrassed."

I once saw a cartoon of a tramp in rags, worn shoes, etc., with the wording beneath—"If you're so darn smart why ain't you a millionaire?" This applies to a lot of criticism published in your "Open Forum."

The Home Loan, Farm Control, CCC, PWA, WPA, are experiments, as we have no precedent upon which to base actual results. Those that are beneficial will be continued, while those that fail are being discarded.

Salt Lake City, Utah. F. E. SETTLE.

Error

Sir:—I wish to call your attention to an apparent error in the article relative to the impeachment of Federal Judge Halsted L. Ritter of Florida, appearing in your issue of March 14.

In this article, in purportedly quoting representative Hatton W. Sumners, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, there appear these words, "He gave the Judge \$25,000 in cash."

I believe that if you will investigate the record, you will find that this amount stated by Mr. Sumners was twenty-five hundred dollars instead of twenty-five thousand dollars.
Miami, Florida. LLOYD C. HOOKS.

["Twenty-five hundred dollars" is correct. *THE LITERARY DIGEST* regrets the unintentional misstatement.—Editor.]

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Good Old Days.—You're quite right, grandpa, about the "Music Goes 'Round" thing. But "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" was no intellectual treat.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Scotch Holiday.—A commercial traveler, held up in the Orkneys by a storm, telegraphed to his firm in Aberdeen: "Marooned here by storm. Wire instructions."

The reply came: "Start summer holidays as from yesterday."—*Caledonian*.

No Time to Notice.—BYSTANDER—"Did you get the number of that car that knocked you down, madam?"

VICTIM—"No, but the hussy that was driving it wore a three-piece tweed suit, lined with Canton crape, and she had on a periwinkle hat, trimmed with artificial cherries."—*The Mutual Magazine*.

Leery of the Eery.—An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the colored servants. "Sam," he said, "if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first, I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

"Dat suits me, massa," replied the old Negro, "but if you dies first, Ah wants you to promise me dat you'll come back in de daytime."—*Christian Leader*.

Businesslike.—A lady and her little daughter were rounding out a holiday afternoon in town by doing some unimportant shopping at a five-and-ten-cent store. Finally they found themselves standing at the tropical fish counter, looking at five small, quiescent turtles in a glass bowl. The daughter decided she wanted one, and asked a salesgirl the price. "You wouldn't want any of those turtles, dearie," the salesgirl said. "They're all dead." "You should have kept water in the bowl," the lady said severely. "No wonder they're dead." "They've been dead for a week," the salesgirl told her calmly. Then why, mother and daughter wanted to know, did the store keep them? "Because," came the patient answer, "we're saving them for inventory."—*The New Yorker*.

Lesson.—"Well, young man, ever been up before?"

"Only as a passenger, sir, but I have watched a lot of—"

"Humph, seems that I get all the novices to teach. But, believe me, I *teach* 'em. When they've finished my course of instruction, they're not flying through roofs and killing passengers."

"Now first I'll show you how to handle the stick. Back like this, see. Slow and easy. Always remember, never try to take her up too fast. One accident and, believe me, you'll never want to get off good old Mother Earth again. That's why I feel kind of proud of my record. For twelve years now I've been training young fellows like yourself, and not one of my pupils ever cracked up an elevator yet."—*Judge*.

Proof.—MISTRESS—"Help! Your master's drawer has been rifled."

SERVANT—"I didn't do it. None of my keys fit it."—*Moustique (Charleroi)*.

Cooled Off.—An author attended the first performance of his new play. It was not a success.

At the end of the last act, a lady seated immediately behind the unhappy playwright tapped him on the shoulder and, placing something in his hand, remarked:

"I recognized you when you came in and cut off a lock of your hair. You may have it back!"—*Vancouver Daily Province*.

Slips That Pass in the Type

Porse or Hig?—Dawson is planning an amateur horse sow next month.—*Atlanta (Ga.) paper*.

Minister's View-point?—
Moron Congregation Has New Building.
—*Monthly magazine*.

Description.—Rushed to Navy hospital, his condition was described as critical but not serious.—*San Francisco paper*.

Hit With an Ice Cube?—
BOY CROKED WITH ICE
Little Rock (Ark.) paper.

Hibernating?—Mrs. M—— D. R—— has returned to her hole, Lefevre terrace, North Adelaide, from a visit to Melbourne.—*Adelaide (Australia) paper*.

Uncomfortable Anyway.—
CHAIN SORES BRANDED
'MENACE' BY COUGHLIN
—*Richmond (Va.) paper*.

How So?—AUTHOR ADOPTS BABIES.—
Pearl S. Buck, the author, has adopted two five-week-old boys. **MUTINY.**—*Portland (Ore.) paper*.

After That Worm.—TITONKA: G—— B—— reported seeing a robin on his way to work Thursday morning.—*Algona (Ia.) paper*.

Strange Generosity
THANKS CLUB FOR AWARD
OF PLAGUE

—*Lexington (Ky.) paper*.

We Don't Blame Them.—When a patient was discovered at the Doctors' Hospital, Manhattan, being treated for gallstones by the name of William Shakespeare, the doctors were interested.—*Monthly magazine*.

Just a Nice, Dull Time.—Felt as tho I had had a trip through the Blue Ridges and got a sentimental hankering to read some bore books with such a sweet and homely philosophy of family loyalty.—*Oklahoma City (Okla.) paper*.

"I want—"

"I want—"

"I want—"

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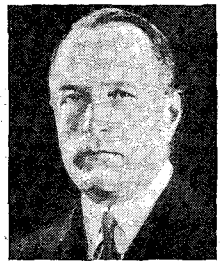
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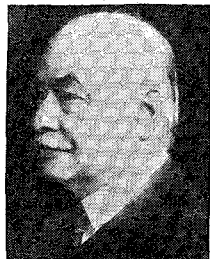
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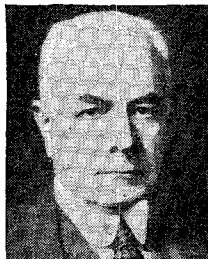
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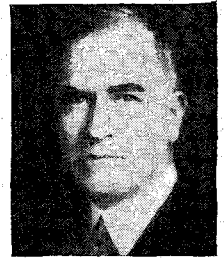
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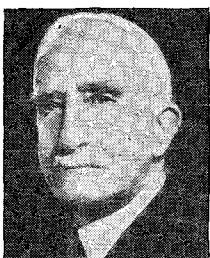
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